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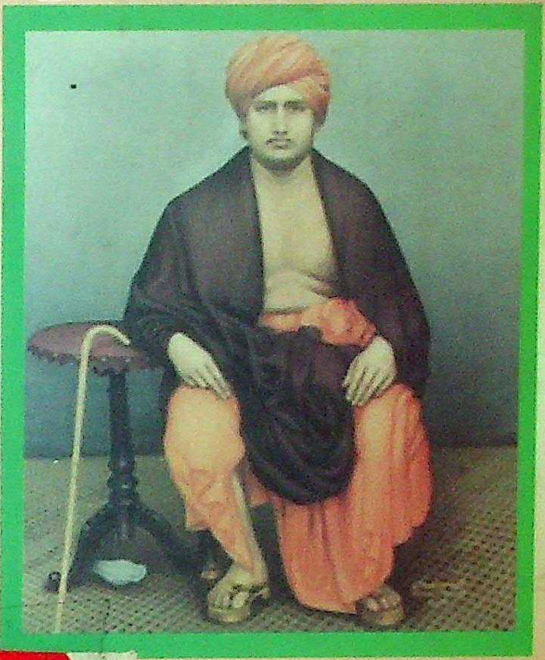

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CHAMUPATI, M.A.

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GLIMPSES OF DAYANANDA

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पुस्तकालय
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गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय

CHAMUPATI, M.A.

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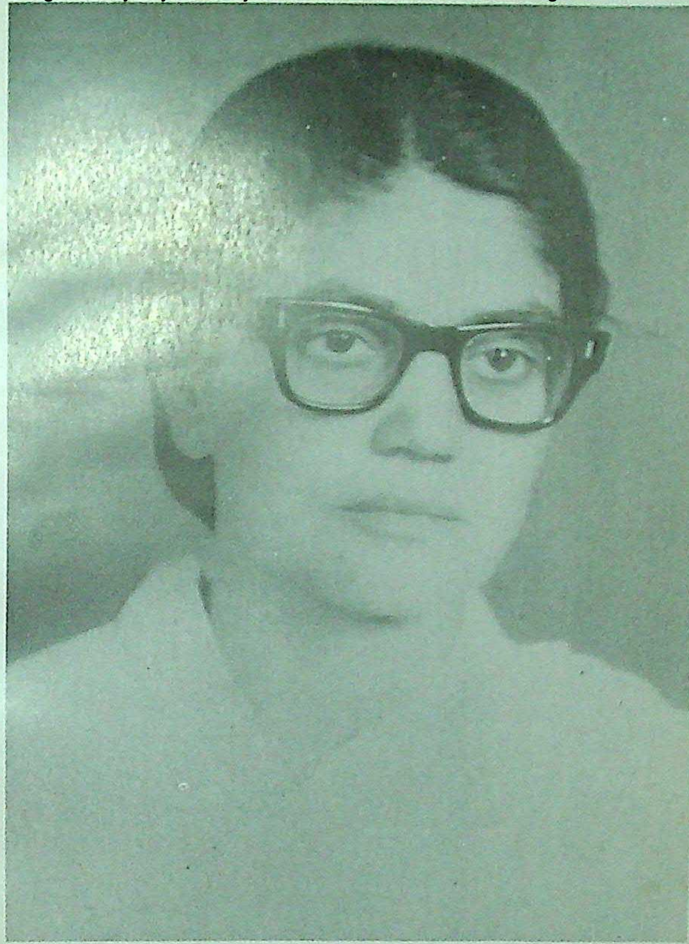

Late Dr. Kusum Lata Arya, M.A., Vedacharya, Ph.D. Dip & Cert (German); Vedic Scholar, b April 8, 1947 Bulandshahr; d Feb. 25, 1997 Mumbai.

Educ Rajsthan Univ and Pune; **Secy,** Samarpan Shodh Samsthan; **Member:** Bhandarkar Oriental Research Inst, Pune, Inst of Hr Studies & Research, Jaipur, All India Oriental Conference; presented several research papers/articles in seminars and conferences; **publs**-Parush Sukta Ka Vivechnatmak Adhyayan; and 15 articles published in various journals and magazines; **Awards** honoured as Vedic Scholar 1975, Bharti Puraskar, honoured by the Governor of Rajasthan 1987.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

My esteemed friend, Principal Chamupati, asks me to write an introduction to this book. Does it not introduce itself? Principal Chamupati writes with much greater knowledge than I can claim to possess. What is more, he writes with beautiful devotion. To each one a special light. And to the author of this beautiful book, Dayananda has been a special light on the path of life. Chamupati is a *bhakta* of Dayananda. In one of his letters to me the author, referring to his birthplace Khairpur—a tiny suburb in the Bahawalpur State, (part of which, strangely enough, is called "Sind")—writes: "That Sind brought me up and then disowned me... in that whole affair my consuming love of Dayananda—the writing of an Urdu biography of the Rishi in verse—was my sole crime". For the love of his master, Prof. Chamupati is an exile from his native place. "My love of home", he writes, "I seem to have sacrificed". But he characteristically adds: "Have I not at the cost of that narrower love found a greater, a broader love, a love more exhilarating,—I mean the love of Dayananda? And when I point to this love I have pointed to what is lovable in man. Only, I doubt my worthiness of this love". Does not this sound a true authentic note of *bhakti?*

"Glimpses of Dayananda"—is the author's name for his book. I would call it "Pictures of Dayananda". Each chapter is a picture, and each picture is drawn with that true art which combines knowledge with love.

Long after the political controversies of our days are forgotten, Modern India will be remembered by the names of a few sages and heroes of action. One of them, I believe, was Rishi Dayananda. Meditating on him, I have recalled the words in *Narada Bhakti Sutras: Worship god at all times with all your heart and with all your mind.*

Rishi Dayananda's greatness, to my mind, was this: he worshipped God with all his *mind* and all his *heart*. He had a *spiritual mind,* and so could interpret the genius of his race. In the Vedic Renaissance, which he initiated, he gave a high place to *knowledge.* But he was careful to urge that true knowledge must become an *energy,* a *shakti* for the service of the race. Hence, too, his emphasis on the Aryan types of education. We know now that the current system of education has proved unsatisfactory. In many cases, it has created a false character. Rishi Dayananda was for an Aryan type of culture and, therefore, for Gurukulas. And he worked hard to spread joy among his people. He found them unhappy. Widows and orphans and outcastes and poor men in the villages—all, all he wished to make happy. And he took to them the great message of Aryan Wisdom. The Vedic prayer, with which he concluded his *Satyarth Prakash,* expresses, I believe, his dominant aspiration:—

> *Mayest Thou, O God—Friend of all, Holy Spirit, World-guide,—mayest Thou be merciful unto us! Mayest Thou, World-spirit and World-Support, grant us knowledge and power!*

Knowledge and Power! But looking around him Dayananda found devitalising customs and creeds. He preached a message of *shakti.* He restored to its beautiful original meaning the word *dharma* which, as we read in the *Vaisheshika,* is meant at once to secure "progress in this world, and salvation in the next." *Religion is Manhood.* And in turning away from the true spirit of religion, the ancient Hindu race has suffered both in strength and manhood. There are mental and moral habits which have weakened Hindu society. These must be shaken off. Think, e.g., of the harm due to early marriage. There are wrongs our society has inflicted upon women and the submerged classes. In them lies imprisoned the *shakti,* the *strength* we need. Not without reason has *shakti* been represented in the Scriptures as feminine. A great patriot of Ireland has said:

> Not by head alone do nations live; not by clothes, nor respectabilities; not by the name of nationality, but its substance; not by instalments of nationality served up with claptrap, not

by loudroused screechings or profuse self-coneiet, but by the hard reality of hardwork and sacrifice.

Hardwork and sacrifice will save the Hindus. Not talk. Not paper-resolutions. Not processions and demonstrations. Not bluff and mutual quarrels. All these are weakening. The call of the hour is: *Be strong physically and mentally and spiritually.* Physically: therefore build your bodies. Mentally: therefore learn to think for yourselves, nor make your reason a slave to even the greatest among you. Spiritually: therefore be unselfish. For, spirituality is unselfish service. The imprisoned womanhood and the submerged class, both, call for those who would serve. And Hindus must soon re-build their manhood, or commit race-suicide. It was a *Message of Manhood* Swami Dayananda preached to his people, something, we need no less even today.

There was in Dayananda a battle-spirit; he gave a bold fight to what he believed to be devitalising customs and creeds. He was a warrior-saint. Critics accuse him of "intolerance"; but he says distinctly that his sole aim was to "further the cause of truth and eradicate error, and not injure the feelings of others or do them harm". "All that is true and worthy of acceptance to all", he adds, "is alike in all religions". In a statement of his "Beliefs" he says, "That alone I hold to be acceptable which is worthy of being believed by all men in all ages. I do not entertain the least idea of forming a new religion or sect. My sole aim is to seek in Truth on my own and help others to do the same." He was eager to serve Truth as he saw it; and in his heart was love for all. Rev. Scott was a friend of Dayananda's, and a Magistrate at Farrukhabad. The bazar of that town was being repaired. In one of the streets was a shrine of a departed Hindu Sadhu, and many came there to worship. A disciple of Dayananda's said to him: "Rev. Scott is your friend; if you will but give him a hint, this shrine will be removed from the street, and idolatory will cease." Dayananda's answer was worthy of his lofty ideals. He said: "to do anything by crooked and unjust means is *adharma*. Muslim kings destroyed by force thousands of Hindu temples and shrines, but did not succeed in abolishing idol-worship. My work is to break not temples of brick but idols in the temples of the minds of men". Dayananda had too much reverence for God to do harm to *any man, any community.* And he had too great a passion for Truth to mince matters or speak soft words of sweet insincerity.

Souls like Dayananda's come inevitably in conflict with ecclesiasticism. Dayananda knocked over the priests, and with trenchant scholarship and humour all his. But he *attacked* only to *purify* Hinduism; he destroyed only to rebuild Hindu Society on a surer foundation.

This he found in the Religion of the Rishis. As Principal Chamupati points out:—

> *He believed in his heart of hearts that the sects that composed Hinduism had yet a common foundation. They all derived their fundamentals from the Commandments of the Veda. Each sect professed to be so derived. He, therefore, caught hold of that common denominator and sought to reduce to it every fraction of the Arya community. His was a bold vision, but he was convinced that the vision was right. Through fighting alone, fighting with the Hindu rival sects, he could evolve Hindu harmony.*

The common impression about Dayananda—as the man who attacked "Hinduism" or made it "narrow—" is, I submit, a misconception about the man and his mission. Dayananda will, I believe, be regarded in the coming days as a saviour of the Hindu race. "Back to the Vedas,"—I interpret not as the cry of a reactionary but as the message of an Inspirer. His new studies in the Vedas called attention to the greatness of *Aryavarta* and, so, created a new pride in us. The recent archaeological finds at *Harappa* and *Mohen-jo-Dero* are but one indication of the antiquity of the Indian civilization. And, during the forty years and more that have passed since Dayananda left us, we have had evidence after evidence in support of the theory that the ancient Aryans had evolved a refined type of culture, a rich type of civilization. Indeed, the ancient Aryans were great not merely in religion and metaphysics, but also, in technics, medicine, politics and scientific genius. It is admitted that the World is indebted to the Aryans for the symbols of number and the decimal system of notation. Heredotus mentions the fact that the Aryans supplied gold to the Persian empire in the 5th century. Pliny says the best kind of glass for the manufacture of burning glasses came from India. Ancient India had hospitals not only for men, but also, for horses and elephants. Persian and Saracen and Chinese and Greek physicians were indebted to Hindu doctors. Dayananda writes:— "The people of Aryavarta did undertake journeys to foreign countries for purposes of commerce and with a view to settle disputes on international affairs. The present dread of the destruction of purity and religion are due to ignorance." Today it is admitted by all who have studied the subject that there was ancient connection between India and the West, and that the Aryans of India planted foreign colonies.

The secret of this greatness of India—cultural, political, commercial—was her spiritual wisdom. And this Dayananda vindicated when he repeatedly asked his countrymen to turn away from the priest to the Eternal Word. "Back to the Vedas" means: "Back to the worship of One and No-Other".

There exists none superior to the Supreme Being. God supports all creatures. He is Prajapati—Lord of us creatures. He pervades all the worlds and bestows the highest bliss on beings. He has illuminated the cosmos with the three lights—fire, the sun and electricity. He has created the sixteen Kalas—the 16 Kalas vesils exist in Him.

Will India rise again? And be a shaping power in the life of Humanity? For that must India recover the creative power of her soul. This *creative shakti* will not come to the nation if it models its life and laws after Western patterns. To recover a creative power, we must, I humbly submit, commune with the Ideal of *Aryavarta*, the spirit of her History, the wisdom of her Rishis.

This Wisdom, this Idea was it Rishi Dayananda *re-published* in our days. Say not this Wisdom, because ancient, is dead. There is an Ancient that ages not. Say not this Aryan Ideal is of a dead past that has buried its dead. Say, rather, this Ideal is a gift from God, and God's gifts they do not die. Friends, in this mad rush after "modernism" we have run too far, and no longer listen to the Divine Spirit—of the Ages—Ancient, Eternal and therefore Every-New. Advance to the vision of the Rishis: I say to this bewildered age. For, in Wisdom of the Vedas I hear the Voices of the Future.

How many earnestly think of Rishi Dayananda and his message today? Most of the people are taken up with excitements of the day. Dayananda's Day is not yet. But, I believe, it is coming. Young men are springing up whose hearts glimpse the truth that the noblest service we may give the nation is the service of Knowledge and Exertion and Love. How deep was Dayananda's realisation! How ardent his love for India and Humanity! And has modern India produced a greater *tapasavin* than this Brahmacharin, Dayananda? Homage to him! He was greater than my weak words may tell. And I look forward to the day when the blessed names of Dayananda and his kin—the Rishis of India—will travel across the seas to give the nations of the West the message they need. They have wandered long after the chimeras of power and wealth. And these inevitably end in war. But Greatness grows out of Truth and Fellowship. The "freedom" of the West hath fetters upon it. Seek the Greater Freedom, ye that are young and eager to serve. Seek your freedom in the Ancient Wisdom—the Wisdom of the Spirit, in Veda.

Karachi
January, 1925

T.L. VASWANI

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THE RESTLESS CHILD

Curtain rises from over the childhood of Dayananda when his father leads him one evening to the Temple of Kubera, for the fulfilment of his first Shivaratri Vrata. The age of the child was at the time fourteen, yet his mother regarded him as no better than a child, a babe. She had intervened for him, though without success, in the matter of the vrata. The inexorable father appears to have been anxious to exercise *his* authority now that the babe was no longer free to lisp in his mother's lap. Such parents had Dayananda, mutually contraries in temperament—his mother excessively indulgent, his father an unyielding autocrat. He kept his fast for a whole day, and was determined, too, to keep an undisturbed vigil through the night. With punctilious regularity he worshipped the Lord. All slept away, and he too felt sleepiness coming over him. But he was determined to remain awake till morning. By sprinkling water over his face once, twice, thrice, he tried to keep the sleep away from him. The resolution of his father, which in the parent's own case had failed, was found inexorably firm when it came to the son to give proof of his nattle and heritage.

It was a small mouse that, in the mid of night, came out of his hole and began to take liberties with the mightily God of the temple. To him the trident of Shiva had no dread. He frisked about and ate away all offerings that lay piled before the Holy Idol. What was it? The mouse, they say, was the mouse of skepticism. Whatever it was, the faith of Dayananda in the potency of the Idol was shaken. None but a child could have such honest heart-searchings. The elder people have mortgaged their conscience to this formal creed or that. Theirs is an affianced faith, whilst the child has yet to choose his Lord. The mouse, too, was for the child a fit playmate. A child alone could take such deep interest in the sport of Lord's own naughty creature. To the elders it was all nonsense—that impudent frolic of the mouse.

The night of Shivaratri is proverbially dark. To the Arya

Samajist it symbolises the dark shadows of ignorance that cloaked India, and the whole world, to time the child Dayananda with his saving skepticism took birth out of the womb on uneasy credulity under the auspices of the trident-armed Shiva—the Shiva of the Veda who has the threefold power to create, to sustain, and to annihilate—*Triambaka*. In the silence of night, when not a sound stirred through the placid firmament, the spirit of truth was taking its impatient birth. The lamp of the temple burnt, shedding a calm and steady light. It alone could bear witness to the struggle that was passing through its stages of inception in Moolshankar's heart. The horrors of Shivaratri howled to Moolshankar.

Mool awakened his father; but the latter, with all his domineering earnestness, could not command his infantile doubts into silence. The spirit of childish roguery was upon him. Ah, that sacred roguery! He must dine. He must break his fast. He must challenge the wrath of Shiva. Had not a petty mouse done the same just before his eyes? Class him with the rodent. Better living puerility than inert elderliness. For the loving child the hospitable lap of the mother was open, his father's stern displeasure notwithstanding.

Such, my child, was the childhood of Dayananda. The mother encouraged the inherent freedom of his ways, the father curbed his innate wayward and impatience. The influence of both was to the young boy's natural, infinite good. His heart softened by those soft motherly caresses; his mettle hardened under the harsh looks of a stern father.

THE GRAVE BOY

Two more incidents of the boyhood of Dayananda have come to light. Both times he stands face to face with death. Before those events he had *heard* of death, never *seen* it face to face. What was death like? And first it was the turn of his uncle to illustrate the grave fact for him. Of his uncle he had been a pet. More than all others, except perhaps his mother who, however, was a woman, whose function, on account of her sex, it was to love, that uncle had loved him fondly. And today he lay passing, passing away from this world. The uncle patted him. Alas, this patting was to be his last. How wistfully did the dying eyes regard the wondering boy, whose boyish intellect was not yet ripe for the comprehension of such a grain mysterious fact—Death!

The boy Dayananda saw the dismal occurrence with his own eyes. Was it dismal to him? The loss of a loving uncle was no doubt a dire calamity. But into the boy's mind a deeper sense had begun to peep. The grief occasioned by the death had stunned him. He felt an anguish that was too deep for tears. They said he was stone-hearted. He bore the taunts with composure. The silent minute or two of his uncle's agony had advanced his age by decades. His boy's brain was busy brooding over problems of life and death—problems which minds older than his avoid and complaisantly shelve whenever those questionings come to them.

Two years later the family knew another loss. This time one from Mool's own generation—a sister of his—fell. She was suffering from cholera. News of the malady having infected the girl was brought to Mool's father in a festive party, in which Mool too sat as a partaker of the feast. What a contrast! The change from a feast in the midst of friends to a patient's-room—which in a few brief hours was going to become a dread death-chamber! Death is no respecter of ages. Whether it was this or some other aspect of the case, which at the time appealed to Dayananda, his heart melted away into tears. He wept himself hoarse—such is his own account.

Death was henceforward a constant subject in Moolshankar's broodings. The feeling of disaffection from the world, what in *shastric* diction they call *Vairagya*, had by now taken possession of the mind of Moolshankar. That boyish sprightliness which characterised him in earlier days was gone. The sage that was to be, the Dayananda who in fine made such exemplary conquest of death, had begun to awake in the young bosom of the tender Mool. He had begun to be serious. At one time he was thinking of leaving his home. He would plunge into some deep solitary wilderness and there, in a Yogic trance, delve from its depths the mystery of human life. *In* his home, he was no more *of* the home.

His father found early scent of the growing detachment of the boy's disaffecting heart. Asked to send the lad to Kashi for studies, he categorically refused his consent to that fearful proposal. He arranged instead to educate his son under a *pandit* in the vicinity of Tankara. The lad in an unreserved moment broke the secret of his heart to his beloved teacher. The latter, alas, could not keep his confidence; as a well-wisher of the family he informed Karshanji—this was the name of Mool's father—of the other-worldly proclivities of the boy's youthful day-dreams. The father in hot haste began to make overtures for his marriage till, at last, he had fixed on a suitable girl. The bond of matrimony, thought the old banker, would prove effectual in tying the truant to his home. A day was appointed for the wedlock, in preparation for which the whole town became, long before, a scene of merriment. Moolshankar was counting the days that intervened with a heart that—with the passing of every day—drooped, drooped, drooped. What would become of his dearly cherished dreams of emancipation from death? How could he, an ambitious aspirant, bring himself to settle suddenly down to the humdrum life of a householder? It was just on the day fixed for marriage that the bridegroom, on whom the expectant eyes of all merry-makers were rivetted—without whom the whole drama of marriage too, would become a farce without substance—was found missing! Where was he? Had he really bade farewell to his home—the home that had been the cradle of his infantile affections, the home that had been the scene of his lively joys of youth? Where had he found the heart to turn his back on his mother, his relations, his playfellows, his friends? The boy was missing in truth, and none knew where he had gone.

THE WANDERER

And now Moolshankar set out on his wanderings. For the first time had he been thrown on his own resources. Before him lay the wide world—full of temptations, worries, pitfalls. Behind him was his home, that noisy nest of peace where reigned the nourishing love of his father, the angelic guardianship of his mother. That love, that guardianship, had been preparing to incarcerate him within the loving embraces of a faithful consort. The free-born soul of the wakeful rebel of Shivaratri could however, ill brook to be shut up within a marital cage. He fluttered out, and was glad to breathe of the free air of the open.

He had taken with him a pair of *dhotis,* a burden incompatible with his resolve to roam free. They robbed him—the sweet-tongued brigands in ochre robes, whose avowed mission it is to relieve the world of its burdens! A *brahmachari* initiated him into his own order and rechristened him Shuddha Chaitanya. His golden ring, a token perhaps of some fondling affection, was taken off his finger.

Moolshankar's first experiences of life outside the family-fold were, thus, anything but encouraging. Had he strayed out of his home under the promptings of a momentary impulse of some romantic boyish freak, he had met with sufficient disappointment *since* to go back on his resolve. There was shame in returning now—a feeling of shyness in meeting the grieved eyes of his father, the slighted caresses of his mother. In the midst of a fair his father came upon him and solved this riddle of shame for him, if in reality there had stood any such thing in the way of his return before. Why did he give his father a slip when once his own solicitations had restored him to the lost patronage of the latter's paternal solicitude? The attempt proves that his love of life outside the household pen *was* genuine.

After his second flight Moolshankar could not be searched. For a whole night he took lodging with free denizens of the air. In the boughs of a thick shady tree he remained securely nestled, till his father, and the band of servants he had brought with him, passed by without noticing his aerial habitation. As a preparation for his later mission, *viz.,* that of return to primitive nature or what is the same thing worded differently, his call 'Back to the Vedas', this initiation into sylvan life—amidst 'bird and beast and fowl' as one of their kin... hugged close to the open bosom of Mother Earth... under the hospitable roof of Father Firmament, where the sun and the stars and the wind and the moon have full freedom to indulge in their pure puerile frolic—was significant. As a free-born child of a liberty-loving temperament, a child whom virgin Nature recognised as her own, Moolshankar was now in his native element. The son of man, however, unlike other creatures of Nature, requires a special training, a special culture, apart from that imparted to him as a physical being. This, his peculiar necessity, which makes itself felt at every stage of civilization through which humanity passes, was symbolised by the gift of the Veda at the down of Creation. In the beginning of every cycle the symbol resumes manifesting itself, emphasising the cry of the human instinct for intellectual exertion, followed by mental awakening. Moolshankar's love of liberty was only partially satisfied by his contact with his fellow-brethren of this world family of unsophisticated animal nature. He sought out the society of sages. He sat at their feet, and quaffed eagerly of the found of learning, cultural and occult. He practised *yoga* in the company of *yogis* so that, as he writes himself, he felt his own sponts of spiritual felicity flooding him at times in ecstatic transportations.

He set out one day in quest of the Narmada's source. Barefooted he walked on prickly stones. Neath thorny rushes he had to creep. He trod undeterred on expanses of ice. The extreme cold of the frozen channels numbed his legs. Blood trickled from his exhausted body and, at a place or two, he sat down one unable to walk. His spirit, nevertheless, was not whit damped. He struggled through hardships till at last he had the satisfaction to reach that crystal goal. O the joy of observing face to face the gently oozing stream which gathers such obstreperous volume as it flows out down, down into the plains! In these wanderings he had to encounter ferocious brutes that live on the flesh of man should they perchance meet one. His indomitable courage, aided by a presence of mind which no difficulties could quell, was his only weapon against these formidable contingencies. How long he fasted, and how often, the inhospitable thickets of the jungle alone might know. One day, he writes, he had to subsist on a raw *baingan*. To *maths* and temples too he dragged himself. Sometimes he was invited to dinner by their priests and pontiffs. He thus had opportunities of observing their ways and finding out what sort of life was being led in those outraged tabernacles of religious purity. The minister of a temple had the audacity to offer him meat, the very smell of which nauseated him so much that he had to run away from the place in disgustful haste. Another *Mahant*, charmed by his handsome appearance and wonderful mastery of the *shastras* proposed to make him his disciple, whereby the see of the temple with all the endowments attached thereto would, after the *Mahant's* death, pass on to him. Dayananda spurned this latter offer, too, with the same wrathful disdain that he had evinced in the face of that former offer. Of wealth he could have a surfeit at his own home, had he simply consented to stay with his father and family.

Dayananda's love of quest into the mysteries of physical nature is evidenced by a strange incident of which he gives an account in his autobiography stating how one day, after he had been studying a book on human anatomy, he saw a corpse flowing down a stream and, with a view to testing the accuracy of the statements made in the book, swam for it, caught hold of the dead body, drew it to the bank and, though a Brahmin of the Udichya caste, whose disgust of flesh and blood was instinctive, actually tore the thing apiece. Finding that the construction of the human body as disclosed by a study of the corpse did not agree with the description given in the book, he cast the book into the waters flowing below. What singular revelations are made by this single incident about the natural temperament of Dayananda. Not a dreamer simply but a physical philosopher, fond of observation and experiment, he was in the true sense of the term a votary of Nature. Not all that got printed in the *Nagari* in that occult language of the gods, Sanskrit, was revelation from heaven. The truths set forth in books had to be tested and verified and, if found disagreeing with actual physical facts, must without hesitation be given up; such was the deep-rooted 'faith' of Dayananda. This 'personal read' it was in time became the ground-work of that thorough shifting of facts and formulae of Religion which had led him to the foundation of the Arya Samaj—which combines in it the characteristics both of a credulous religious body and a candid truth-seeking society of research.

For fifteen long years Dayananda roamed about in this fashion. The hardships which his self-imposed houselessness inflicted on the homeless wanderer proved a furnace in which his native mettle got burnished and burnished again till it shone forth like pure, unalloyed gold. A few strokes of a masterly hand of a goldsmith was all was needed to shape him into a radiant jewel 'of brightest ray serene'. It was at the hut of the blind Virajananda that the gem found its chisel, the ornament its forge.

A BOY OF THIRTY-SIX

At the door of the aged Sadhu's hermitage stood a boy of thirty-six. He knocked and it was opened to him. 'What for?' was the instant query. 'For truth! For knowledge! For wisdom!' was the young boy's answer. Where eyes refused to read the physiognomy of the face, the habituated ears did duty as mind-readers through tones:

'Hast read anything?'

Dayananda enumerated a long list of books on a variety of subjects and then said he had read nothing. The vast learning he had amassed had confused him. The spiritual solace he'd sought was nowhere in that *lettered* wisdom. 'Yes! Books embarrass. Learning confounds. Truth lies disfigured under that unsupportable burden of heiroglyphics. When heart opens to heart, true wisdom flows forth like unto a fount. Go, my child, and relieve thy soul of the mass of rubbish thou hast picked promiscuously out of those entangled meshes of letters. Go this instant if thou 'It learn learning divine. Throw all the nonsense thou hast named—into the Jamuna'.

The peremptory tone of the order left no room for a wrangle. In an iffy Dayananda was outside the hermitage. He found himself immersed in dreams. The horrible caves he had plunged into—each lovely vale, each dreadful dale he had traversed, the streams and rivers that he had crossed, most of them by swimming—all those hardships of travel and more troublesome still the difficulties of persuasion and humiliations of begging that had to be borne before the acquisition of each of those tomes—*the nonsense*—had been dearly bought in that age of manuscripts when printed books were rare—stood pictured before him in a quick succession of presentations. Was his labour lost? Books that would occupy a shelf in a well-equipped library were to be thrown away!

Dayananda's heart trembled at the prospect. Yet some inscrutable destiny goaded him on. He made straight for the Jamuna. Not a moment did he linger on the way. The struggle in his heart became most acute when, standing on the sandy bank, he found the muddy stream beckoning at his feet. For an instant he felt as if he were going to curse that dreadful Daughter of the Sun. Yama's twin-sister lays there, her wavy mouth agape to gulp down his literary treasures. Why should it be necessary to dispose of old treasures before laying claim to new ones? Was the eyeless Guru in reality endowed with intuitional vision? Could he out of his resourceless nudeness give more than in fanatic disdain he was commanding to cast away? Doubts troubled Dayananda's heart and yet he could not keep back his hand which, with the packet of all the books he had, advanced towards the stream! Plash! So fell the volumes on the bubbles in the yawning stream. In one instant the darkness of the muddy water hid them from his view. And a load appeared to have been lifted off Dayananda's breast. He woke. It was a bright morning. A soft breeze was blowing. The chirping of birds to which life in the woods had accustomed him was once more free. The Sun shone. The sky knew not a speck of cloud. Why should he alone be troubled in the midst of such mirthful company?

He had done the bidding of his Guru. In his first transaction he, the pupil, had not proved false. That the Guru should keep his word, too, was no concern of the disciple to worry over. As he stepped again into the Guru's academy, the latter at once found out—from what? from light steps?—that the pupil *was* fit for his tutelage. He hailed him warmly, and then began that series of lessons which Gurus of the times of the Upanishads alone knew how to teach and the pupils of the days that ended, alas, with the age of the epics knew how to learn.

A few anecdotes of the scholastic career of Dayananda at Virajananda's seminary have come down to us: they are our only glimpses into those studious days of his philosophic studies.

Virajananda, they say, bathed at his own school. He required a formidable number of pitchers of water from the Jamuna to sanctify his body before he sat down to prayer. It was a rule that could brook no violation. And Dayananda might be seen hurrying to the stream and back every day, no matter it was hot or cold, dry or wet. The rule was never broken, by the teacher—of the morning bath, by the pupil—of willing, self-imposed service. The duty of

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sweeping the courtyard of the house, too, was entrusted to Dayananda. One day he had swept the house clean and was looking for the basket to throw the refuse out, when Virajananda was walking to and fro in a contemplative mood! His foot her chance fell on the heap collected in a corner. Was this Dayananda's intentional mistake? The wrath of the master knew no bounds. If in Virajananda there was a weakness, it was his wrath. He drew his stick and beat Dayananda mightily with it. The boy, his age nearing forty, bore the punishment without murmur, and—when a third person had pleaded for him urging his age, his *ashram*, as strong reasons for his exemption from physical penalties (this without as much as a hint from him)—he approached his Guru, he too, to repeat that same request. Only his plea was different. He urged the tenderness of the Guru's body, which in striking his adamantine limbs must of necessity ache, as *his* reason for his exemption.

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In the seminary of Virajananda there was no arrangement for the lodging and board of his pupils. The small closet flanking, on one side, the entrance of a temple is shown to the Arya Samajist devotee even today as the place where Dayananda took shelter at nights during his discipleship at Mathura. The closet is so small, it is a wonder how Dayananda's gigantic constitution, with a size more than six feet, and other dimensions proportionate to his stature, could squeeze itself within it. At times his food would be fried grams. Later, arrangements were made at a house for his meals. A gentleman of means promised him his daily beverage of milk. For studying in the night light was needed. Tradition has it that small lamps of earth and flour stuck into the services of walls by religious Hindu dames were collected by this otherwise resourceless scholar and made into one big light which made the written page legible without troubling his eyes. Oil, too, was found for him later by the bounty of another charitably-disposed man of means. For about two years and a half Dayananda studied with such means at the feet of his eyeless Guru. He used, when he became old and Virajananda had long since departed from this world, to show the mark of a blow which he had received from his Guru and which, in his faithful filial love, he looked upon as his master's affectionate gift.

Of book-lore, Dayananda studied only Grammar and Vedanta, at Virajananda's feet. These sciences could not of themselves forge the bond of endearment that made the pupil his teacher's life-long adorer. Of the spiritual privacy, that the student enjoyed with his teacher, history keeps no record. Under every writing of his, Dayananda subscribes himself as Virajananda's *shishya*. What was it that left such an indelible mark on the scholar's mind? What made him his master's perpetual bondman? Some *master*, some *disciple*—may reveal the secret. To us laymen the peep into that occult conclave is forbidden—'tis sacred wood.

And one day Dayananda knelt before his Guru to ask his final leave. Among the Aryan community this last salutation is a *sanskara*—the pupil's leave-taking from his preceptor. The ceremony over, the pupil lays at the Guru's feet *his* offering. Dayananda laid his. It was a handful of cloves. What more could a parentless child, a self-made orphan, depending for his daily bread on the charity of others, bring for his—a parting pupil's—present. The teacher barely touched it: he refused to accept the offer. His beneficience, at once parental and pedagogic, had merited a better reward. The pupil thought it was above rewards. Was it? But then—only a sincere spirit of offering, the readiness to lay down his all if the teacher demanded it, was what the teacher asked. Dayananda was ready. He would perform the ceremony not in its symbols, but in its spirit. He owed his cultured *self*, aye *the* self that at present was he, to Virajananda and—that self he was ready to consecrate to his service. 'Then, Dayananda, I covet no selfish gain. It is the spirit of the *rishis*, the *dharma* of the Vedas, that has through me revealed itself to thee. The voice of the seers of old has been ringing all along; I've been simply its mouthpiece. Make thy offering to that Voice. Pay back thy *rishi-rina*, the debt thou owest to that Voice. Seest thou? The seers themselves are ranged in circles around thee, around me. Every corner, every inch of the sacred soil of India is the pulpit of a sage of the Vedic Age. They cry to us for the repayment of their cultural loan. Wilt thou pay it? Pay it to their sons, the human tenants of the earth. Wilt thou? India 'Yes,' whispered bask Dayananda who now was a changed man. For the first time he realised the mission to which gods had been goading him from the first. His vision of the night of *Shivaratri*, his wanderings, his toil, his travail—all had been pregnant with a purpose. The words of the Guru were giving that purpose its preordained lustre as the guiding star of *his* future destiny. 'Shall I be found fit when the hour comes?' The Guru gave his blessing. The gods nodded endorsement.

ALONE IN MULTITUDES

It was Kumbha, the twelve-yearly fair which on the 1st of Baisakh draws millions of pilgrims from the four corners of the Hindu continent. A voluminous stream of worshipful visitors was flowing without break on the bank of the Ganga. From morning till evening it flowed on. At night the bustle lessened a little to more than make up the deficiency again in the morning that followed. In that fair you could have a view of the whole orthodox India as in a small cinema picture. Most noticeable of the pilgrims were the various orders of medicants that had assembled there in their thousands. They had, to all appearances, renounced the world. Or, what else did their ochre robes indicate? Some orders there were that had renounced this colour too—mark of their extreme disdain of symbolism. However indicated, the spirit at the bottom of these sects or non-sects was that of renunciation. To them the world appeared full of misery, full of endless disputes, full of constant discord. Their heart hungered for peace, for harmonious repose. And how had they turned away from that foppery farce of the world? The most noted amongst them might be seen mounted on elephants, clad in splendid robes, having large followings, and quarrelling too to be given precedence over a rival order in their turn for bath at the sacred steps—the Har-ki-Pairi. The world, on the other side, mirrored in their pseudo-mendicancy appeared to be a replica of the world that they had forsaken. It was only a Moslem heaven they were enjoying. Self-restraint on earth was rewarded with greater facilities for enjoyment in that ochre-robed paradise. The same police that settles, or dis-settles, the quarrels of worldly people was called into requisition to do that duty by those other-worldly saints.

Busy on the bank was a class of people that called themselves 'Pandas.' They too were an other-worldly class. 'Their treasures were in heaven.' On this side of the eternity they had taken on themselves a none-too-easy task of helping their benighted brethren—in faith they recognised no brotherhood—to cross over to the Brighter Shore. Today was the day of the Great Paddling. And they were busy pushing their oars. The fees they demanded were only nominal—in their collective value they might become a considerable amount. Their rites were unintelligible to the ordinary brain. But so too is all Metaphysics. Who ever saw heaven physically? Things of religion are things of faith. Question and the talisman evaporates. One dip at the sacred steps, accompanied by the necessary concomitant rites, was a permit to Heaven. How? Dayananda alone queried this way. He was anxious, too, to find an answer. In the midst of those mighty concourses there, moved a lonely *Sadhu*. He went now this way, now that way. Where all were unquestioningly credulous, his restless skepticism suggested queries. Bath even in the limpid waters of the Ganges could cleanse only the body. For purification of the Soul some spiritual wash was necessary. Could the *Pandas* suggest any? The next day, on the road leading to Hrishikesha you could find a flag hoisted up, bearing a sinister insignia, *Pakhand Khandani Pataka,* the Flag for Demolishing Untruth. Under it stood the Sadhu—all alone, with only a loincloth on, preaching, preaching vehemently. At the top of his voice he stood condemning the superstitious credulity of the pilgrims on the one hand and the complaisant mendacity of the Pandas on the other. He spared neither Sadhu nor Saint. Where these two classes had made a clique between them to bewitch and befool the populace, the future of humanity could be nothing but a witches' hell or a fool's paradise. Har-ki-Pauri he rechristened Hadd-ki-Pairi, *i.e.*, the step of bones, for it was there that the bones of the dead from all parts of India were cast into the Ganges to secure for the departed soul salvation in the next world. The Ganges had power not over the living only; for the dead also it could in its beatific grace make provision.

The Sadhu thundered for days and days. He rent the skies with his denunciation of blind ritualism. He drew large concourses of people. They wondered at his strange statements, novel propositions. In the Hindu orthodoxy, however, there was room side by side for both enunciation and denunciation, and that of the self-same practices and principles. These pronouncements of Dayananda gave rise to whispers, talks, and even wrangles, but a faith as old as centuries, a devotion hoary with the ages, could not by these murmurings be in the least disturbed. The large audiences proved simply *audiences.* They heard; they did not practise. To his great mortification Dayananda observed that the crowds on the bank of the sacred stream, nay, even on the sacred step increased instead of diminishing. The zeal of the inexperienced demagogue suffered a rude shock. His lectures had been attended by thousands; yet, what was the effect? Was it under some such impulse that the thundering demagogue all of a sudden hushed his voice? He withdrew and—except for a hurried answer which the mischievous questioning, conscious or unconscious, of a learned fool evoked—was heard no more.

THE ASCETIC

After his voluntary exile from home, Dayananda had been practically without a penny. As if his poverty had not yet been complete, he took, at the close of Kumbha, a mighty vow of absolute renunciation and asceticism. He withdrew once more from the world of suffering and ignorant activity. On the former occasion he had receded for his own salvation. It was physical death that had appalled him as an apparition, and he had fled into the bosom of 'Mother Nature' for shelter and repose. In the midst of his roamings he had met a gifted Guru, whose eyelessness had given him vision intuitional, what Krishna in the Gita calls Eye Divine. He was convinced that he was immortal and to test the potency of the charm, he had gone out to see death face to face once more. The Guru had laid on him the burden of succouring the whole human family. For a huge humanitarian effort he had now left the cosy shades of secluded wildernesses. The peaceful hermit had come out to thunder over the roaring babble of Kumbha. He had thundered, he had roared. But the babble of Kumbha was found stronger and louder than his own thunderings and roarings. The spectacle was more fearful than that of physical death. Here were masses of human beings, living to all appearances, and yet dead—except only to hollow convention, that haggard spectre embodying lifeless superstition. His uncle's death followed by his sister's had driven him from home. His fellow-beings' life—life more fearful that death—drove him from Kumbha. Those that depended for their felicity, physical as well as spiritual, on a certain stream of water, nay on a step on its bank—not as a poetic flight in an idealistic dream, but in the prosaic sense of men of the world—who sought to physically bathe for beatitude and pressed in an egrigious fashion to a torrent of water, descended as they believed, in fact, from heaven,... who with folded hands prayed to it, prostrated before it, more awful still, made their souls abject before it in beggarly solicitation—these people enacting poetry in a rhythmless life of prosaic disharmony—were a miserable travesty of poetry even as of religion.

The spectacle went into the core of Dayananda's heart and stirred its innermost depths. He flung from him the scanty clothes he had. A copy of Mahabhashya too, that had been with him, and which in his wranglings with *pandits* had formed his sole authority for grammatic accuracy, he sent back to his *guru*. For the redemption of a misguided humanity greater *tapas* was needed than had been sufficient till now for his own enlightenment out of the shadows of Shivaratri.

And now Dayananda might be seen naked, with only a loin-cloth on. After bath he would seat himself in a posture that kept his private parts covered till the wet piece had dried, for he had no second underwear to replace it. For food he depended on offerings that the accidental charity of a passer-by might place before him. It was so in summer, it was so in winter, in rains, in all seasons. During chilly nights of *Pausha* and *Magha* he might be observed sitting on the cold sands without a shred or a rag on him. Men in their mercy threw over him rugs when he was immersed in his meditations, but, as soon as he rose from his trance, he cast these away and was in nature's garb again!

One moonlit night a Christian padre, accompanied by a high official, found him sitting in this fashion. His well-built body shone on the sand as a human mould of health and beauty. The official was curious to know how the Swami could in such bitter cold manage to sit without clothes. The jocose vien in the clergyman was hard to control. The latter at once broke out: "The Swami has abundance of nutritious food—*khir, puri, malpua*. What business has cold to effect a constitution so profusely and daintily fed?" The Swami laughingly retorted: "Less profusely, Sir, than a Christian Father's whose daily grace is pronounced over quartered fowls and boiled eggs. Your food, Sir, is said to generate heat. Will you kindly take off your overcoat, your other coat, your shirt, your sweater, and all the layers of vestments piled one on the other, on your body, and test the calories of your dainties in the Pausha cold of the Ganga's bank?"

The official felt the point of the remark and at once silencing his jolly companion requested the Swami to please be serious, and answer his query as regards his constitution which he regarded as a miracle of endurance. "It is simply the force of habit. With all other parts of the body covered, covered again, and yet again profusely covered you hold your face bare even in this bitter cold. From your childhood upwards you have held it so, so that now you do not in your face feel the pinch of freezing chill. Even so have I acclimatised my whole body."

What an unassuming answer! Was not the Swami by these exercises preparing the ground for that compulsory asceticism which his zeal as a reformer was to impose on him in later days, days of his undaunted denunciation of falsehood and hypocrisy? With a prophet's vision, he had foreseen the force of opposition he would arouse by calling to bay the hydra-headed monster of superstition, a preliminary glimpse of which he had caught in the persistent perversities of Kumbha pilgrims. Not that such life was his ideal. Later, when he had established for himself a position, a foothold, he clad himself in a cotton, silk and wool, and lived in houses and camps. Human art is the glory of man's capacity as Creation's Lord. Created in the image of God he imitates God, a creature, he creates his own world out of the very world that God has created for him. That is his special destiny. Comfort, instead of degrading, exalts him, provided that comfort is not sucked out of the bleeding bodies of his brethren.

It was in the course of these roamings that Dayananda saw one day a woman throwing her dead child into the Ganga, taking off the piece of coffin in which she had been covering it! A shriek escaped her lips as she threw her darling naked into the howling, abyss. On inquiring, it was found that it was indigence, penniless poverty that had compelled the mother to strip her own dead part of its last shame. India's poverty stood painted here in clear colours, and Dayananda, to whom the intellectual bankruptcy of India had disclosed itself in the panorama of Kumbha, saw a living picture of her economic helplessness in this heartless act of an otherwise loving, motherly dame. His resolve of asceticism was redoubled. The ills of humanity could be cured only by taking all those ills on one's self. And Dayananda became indigent, roaming naked, wandering homeless, having nothing that he could call his own.

The sting of poverty can be realised only by those that *become* poor. If Dayananda in later days could advocate the cause of the orphan, the widow, the dumb sub-human creation, the downtrodden Shudra, anything and anybody that was in affliction, it was because he had passed through that furnace himself. Misery hardens man too. If adopted as part of ordinary human life, it blunts the finer senses. The motive to remedy the ills of fellow-beings is, by the adoption of such life, taken away. Dayananda, therefore, in the days he was busy preaching his time-worn gospel of the high destiny of man, was humanly lodged and humanly clad. He took ordinary human food, and lived in ordinary human comfort. It were ill-advised sympathy to weep all sympathy out. Mourning has its place in human psychological disposition. It softens the heart of man, and brings on a mood of kindness and affection. Yet the world has to go on and affection, to be a happy ambrosial feeling has to nerve itself and fall on resources other than morbid melancholy. Dayananda had passed through that melancholy mood. His asceticism stood him in good stead when the hour came of trial. But he was not an ascetic all his life. Asceticism, as we said, was a preparation for the hard knocks of a life of cheerful toil. It could not by itself be a goal, as some sects seem to have assumed *it is*.

THE ICONOCLAST

Of Dayananda's asceticism silence was never a necessary feature. Even when his vow of asceticism was first taken, Dayananda had found it impossible to resist the impulse to speak, when a pandit of the Puranas repeated within his hearing a verse sanctioning an anti-Vedic practice. During his wanderings on the bank of the Ganga, too, he found time to preach. Many a discourse did he deliver to hankering audiences. After the *Kumbha* his main stress was on the hollowness of conventional worship. Idolatry he considered as quite opposed to the spirit of the Veda. Notwithstanding an explicit refutation of the Veda, conveyed in words than which there could be nothing clearer—for what else could *na tasya pratima asti* mean—the majority of the followers of the Veda were practising idolatry of the worst form and description. To Dayananda it was shocking to see his co-religionists stooping and laying themselves prostrate before inanimate objects such as trees, rivers, lingams. The Lord of Creation was, to his unspeakable shame, become creation's bondman. The adoration of these objects was no poetry, not an abstraction of these objects was no poetry, not an abstraction of the Vedantist seeking God in God's creation. Of God such devotees could have no idea. The only effect of their adoration could be that their own selves would be demeaned. It was not for nothing that India was in bondage. It had been so for centuries. A community of 500,000,000 was under the yoke of a foreigner. The Hindu was a *pariah.* His solicitous *chauka*, his punctilious abstention from a non-Hindu's touch, his self-conceit of an inherent superiority—all these vanities galled Dayananda, when he saw the pure Hindu, the immaculate touch-me-not Hindu, employing himself as simply a drawer of water and hewer of wood for the rest of humanity. A Hindu making obeisance, and in Hindustan before a German, a French, a Swiss, an Irish, an English, an American, an Australian, before anybody not an Indian! To Dayananda this sight was extremely heart-harrowing. This, too, from a nation that boasted of the heritage of *rishis.* In *their* custody was God's *first and only* Revelation. With their rise and fall was bound up the rise and fall of a whole culture. The Hindu—that picture of abject humility—could not be expected to pull up, less edify the pedestal of the Veda.

To Dayananda it appeared that for the Hindu's whole humiliation his own spirit of idolatry was responsible. He that bowed before idols would of necessity bow before men. The practice was killing his very sense of self-respect. He that feared the very worms in his house could not bear arms against an armed enemy. Dayananda therefore raised his voice *first* against this self-humiliating practice. Many a controversy did he enter. He fought with the orthodox wherever they questioned the authenticity of his statements as regards the injunctions of the Shastras. His march through the villages of the Gangetic plain turned a series of wrangles as to Religion of the Vedas.

One orthodox *Pandit,* Hira Vallabh by name, engaged with him in a *Shastric* contest at Karanvas. His learning of the *Shastras* was great. He was aided, too, by nine more scholars of his own stamp. He brought with him a stone idol, and vowed that he would not rest till he had made Dayananda a worshipper of his god-in-stone. The debate lasted for more than a week and occupied about nine hours a day. The fluency with which the parties spoke in Sanskrit reminded one of the illustrious, golden days of India—now alas a theme of ancient literature alone! when this community of idols was a community of living beings, and their language, now prided in as the language of gods, was the language of earthly men and women. After this uninterrupted display of learning on both sides, the *pandit* rose, acknowledged the veracity of Dayananda's statements, took up his idol and threw it into the Ganga. In this last act he was followed by almost all the populace of the city. Many idols that had been daily washed by worshipful *Pandits* were, for one final bath that would never end, lodged in an instant in the purifying waters of the Stream.

This scene was repeated at many a place. In his armless iconoclasm Dayananda was working a wonder. The authority of the Veda his *only* weapon! His incontrovertible reason invariably his armour. Thus armed he went on to meet his formidable foes and returned, without fail, victorious! A bloodless revolution was thus being brought about, the effects of which were to manifest themselves in the emancipation of human souls in more than one field. The iconoclasm had been religious, political, economic—it had turned broadly human. Under cover of its idols, a dead weight appeared to have been lifted off India's breast.

The virtual nightmare of India had been its multiform convention. The stone idol represented the petrified misbelief of her unthinking soul. Some there were whose salvation lay in ear-rings, others got their whole body branded, thus making themselves the marked favourites of a capricious divinity. To the former the ring would give an easy pull, to the latter these marks would serve as a passport to a region of unending bliss. Dayananda substituted for these amulets the individuals's personal merits, to be won by his own practical deeds. The slavery of the ring and the mark gave place to unchecked liberty of the self-dependence, self-confidence of soul.

Not all forms and conventions did Dayananda detest. As a reformer of society, a founder of a Samaj, not of a Veda, or ism—he was conscious of the sociological value of ceremonies and rituals. Just as for the fulfilment of its spiritual character the human soul requires a human body, even so, does the spirit of society require, for its realisation in fact, a body of forms and formulae. To the ordinary intellect, conception of the abstract is a most difficult task. Even the most subtle minds visualise ideas through concrete forms. Sociology is a science meant pre-eminently for the advancement of the minds of the masses. Its chief aim is to knit the common people together so that in weal as well as in woe they should act in concert. And what stronger bond for this purpose than the ceremonies and rituals that form the physical, concrete aspect of religion? The higher philosophy in its abstruse abstractions is for the advanced few. That for the many the door of unearthly bliss be not barred, the Arya sociologists have devised *yajnas* and *sanskaras*. The *mantras* on which *yogis* meditate in a state of trance, in absolute seclusion from the physical world of sensations, the *yajman* recites during the performance of his household ritual. In the Gita the difference between the two processes, both of which *Krishna* styles *yajna*, has been very succinctly brought out. Life in the Formless is for the *Sanyasi*, one who is at the last stage of his journey here. For the other stages the forms remain. The Sanyasi cuts off his *yajnopavita*, the thread binding him with *yajna*. By this most symbolic act, and last, he steps out of the world of symbolic act, and last, he steps out of the world of symbols. What Dayananda condemned was the multiplication of inane and inert forms that had by the clumsy burden of their very excessiveness clogged the progress of the spirit they embodied? The abstract notions they represented were concealed behind the plethora of details that defeated the very idea of representation, which to fulfil its purpose, should cover only the broad features of the abstract presentation. Too much imagery, instead of helping the poet's expression, makes his lines mystic, if not cumbrous. It *mistifies his* theme.

Dayananda sanctions forms only so far as they are an aid in the realisation of the spirit and tend to make religion a collective concern of the community. In individual concentration the process to be followed is that of progressive elimination of forms. For communal concentration, on the contrary, a concrete centre of meditation is indispensible. Here the path is that of *pravritti*, attachment. You seek the world and with it the forms that compose it. This will elucidate why Dayananda condemned idol-worship for the purpose of personal prayer, prescribing for it secluded *Sandhya*, while congregations, writes he, should meet to perform *devayajnas* which term, as used by him connotes all collective performances of the Samaj. Sanskaravidhi, a book of ritual, was compiled to be a guide of these ceremonies. In it symbols and farmulae find full prescription. People ignorant of this fundamental difference between the two sorts of duties, *viz.*, personal and social, point out an inconsistency between the injunctions of the Swami under the two heads. The inconsistency, if any, is an evidence of the deep sociological insight that the founder of an all-sided Samaj possessed. When you meet, you meet in a body; when you withdraw, you withdraw to rise above body and what belongs to it.

THE WARRIOR

Dayananda is said to have founded a church militant. His followers regard the epithet as a compliment to, rather than as a denunciation of, their Society. Of all religions Hinduism is thought to be the most peaceful. Divided into so many sects, it has a wonderful power of accommodating them all. With non-Hindu religions it never bothers itself. The latter are ever busy proselytising Hindus and thinning day by day the ranks of the Vedicists. And piteously Hinduism regards such renegade members of the community as so many men and women fallen beyond reclamation. So constituted, Hinduism is considered a racial group rather than a religious dispensation. Regarding the Veda as Divine Revelation, *apaurusheya jnan,* superhuman wisdom, the Hindu has allowed his scriptures to be treated historically, exegetically, linguistically, as it has suited the whims of the individual interpreter to treat them. This supine indifference on the part of the Hindu has resulted in his own conviction that his, of all communities in the world, is the one that has no mission, no culture, no message for humanity. His religion he has to borrow—

Not so did Dayananda view *his* religion. The Aryan faith, to him, was a dispensation divine. It was the primitive, and therefore the only, revelation from Heaven. What the adversaries considered its rawness to Dayananda was the very evidence of the perfectness of his faith. For, knowledge divine can know no cancellation, no change, no evolution. What were regarded as later rehabilitations of the once-antiquated obsolete religion had made no new discovery in the realm either of morals or of spirituality. They had on the contrary led to a strife of sects, a war among communities—which stuck, one to this accretion, another to that local temporary convention occasionally devised. His deep insight into the history of his community had made Dayananda conscious that in the past his *Religion* had been a missionary faith. Of divine dispensation this being the one indispensable characteristic that the religion revealed by God must find a following on its own. It ought to propagate *itself.* Addressed to the whole humanity, it should attempt to cover the *confines* of the whole human family.

Led by this feeling, Dayananda proceeded to change the religious attitude of the whole Aryan race. In total concurrence with none, he believed in his heart of hearts that the sects composing Hinduism had still a common foundation. They all derived their fundamentals from the Commandments of the Veda. Each sect professed to be so derived. He, therefore, caught hold of that common denominator, and sought to reduce to it every fraction of the Aryan community. It was a bold vision, but he was convinced that the vision was right. Through fighting alone, fighting with the Hindu rival sects, he could evolve Hindu harmony. And, when his own community was made one, it could be pitted against all stand shoulder to shoulder with other churches.

Not that he was prejudiced in favour of the Aryan faith because he was born in that faith. If that consideration had weighed with him, he might have taken up the cause of one of the sects of Hinduism, for he was *born* in one. It was far easier to join, and help in the spread of, one of the existing creeds, Aryan or non-Aryan. Had he been ambitious, he could have established an entirely new creed which his followers may have named after the ambitious apostle. His church was neither one of those existing, nor, too, quite a new dispensation. He was a follower of the *Rishis* of old, and yet for his time, the founder for a new church. He had to wage war, on the one side, against the whole Arya community which was at the time sunk deep un-Aryan superstition. On the other side, there were the so-called non-Aryan churches preying on the effete Hindu. The latter, complaisantly helpless in the face of the non-Arya, had life enough to resist the attack of a fellow-Arya. He could condemn him, ostracise him, checkmate him, in short render his efforts at reform null and void. He could! For internal strife, for fighting against itself, Hinduism was yet strong enough. The non-Hindu it could not check. The Hindu it would not allow to advance. Dayananda knew, self-defence and self-reform would proceed hand-in-hand. He, therefore, set his hand to both these missions simultaneously.

A combat or two in *Shastric* learning, into which Dayananda entered with his *Pauranic* adversaries, we have already had the occasion to describe. At Kashi there took place a right historic battle. While preaching elsewhere, he had been confronted with a *vyavastha* of the *Kashi* alumni. Everywhere, the latter were cited as authorities on Religion. Their learning was reputed to be great, and their opinion had the same weight with commonalty that citation from *Shastras* had with Dayananda. Dayananda determined to tame Puranicism in its strongest den. He was alone when he reached Banaras. According to his wont he gave an open challenge to all the *Pandits* there, and began, by a series of lectures, his usual denunciation of idolatry. Now Kashi is known to be a city of Idols. Every little stone in the town is regarded as an incarnation of Shankar. On any side you turn, you are confronted with a temple in which a number of images are lodged. And net Dayananda's criticism was unsparing. His commonsense logic went into the hearts of his hearers. His lectures were largely attended, and the revolution they brought about was so great and far-reaching that the *alumni*, who had for centuries enjoyed an undisturbed repose, were for a moment shaken in their *asanas* and *gaddis*. Those who had viewed the atrocities of the Mughal and the Pathan with nonchalance rubbed their eyes with wonder now that their reputation for Shastric erudition—for the first time in history—was at stake.

The Raja of Kashi arranged a *shastrartha*, a religious polemic, at which he himself was to preside. The *rishi*, sitting alone, with only a loin-cloth on—while before him ranged arrayed all the notable scholars and men of repute in religious learning of the literary Athens of India, clad in the gorgeous colours of their divers sects—was a spectacle to arouse the wonder of the gods. What transpired at the meeting may, to the lay reader, prove nothing easier than an Egyptian heiroglyph. Man versed in the Aryan *shastras* can alone follow these learned disquisitions. At a point in the course of that debate, a paper purporting to be from a scripture was handed to the *rishi*, who began forthwith who to examine its contents. The *pandits*, who had all the time been on the lookout, found now their opportunity, and clapping their hands, declared that they had silenced the *rishi*. The Raja joined the insidious game and the assembly disbersed amidst shouts and disorder. For the ruffians the time was opportune to assert their rogueries simmering. They threw about filth and brickbats. Some inscrutable destiny kept the *rishi* safe. That his adversaries indulged in this unenviable frolic was proof incontrovertible of the *rishi's morally* victory. His logic was answered with brickbats. In the field of *shastras* the collective learning of Kashi had failed to be his match.

This as regards the opposition that Dayananda had to meet with at the hands of psuedo-Aryans. His mission, however, was not simply to reform Hinduism. In the Aryan fold there had arisen reformers and saints without number. Each had, according to his stamina, given the dying community one more short lease of existence. He had made a reform here and a reform there, and had by dint of that reform pushed the wheel of the community a few steps farther. A section of the community had accepted his creed in its totality, while to the rest the spirit he had breathed had served as a leaven. The inequality of the progress that the two sections had put forth had led to a further division of the society. One more sect had been added to the already large number of Hinduisms.

Dayananda addressed his appeal to humanity at large. *Krinvanto vishvam aryam:* Make the whole world Arya for such was the commandment of the Veda. Aryan tradition, recorded in their own history and literature was a testimony that corroborated that time-old statement as regards the Arya mission. Dayananda, therefore, made it a plank in his platform to criticise and, where necessary, to denounce that were regarded as non-Aryan faiths. *Shastrarthas* like the one held at Kashi had been taking place in India from time to time. In their intensity and volume they may have been inferior to what won by Dayananda. Viewed, had been from their pobmical aspect, they belonged to the same category. The controversy arranged at Chandpur, however, had been in the history of India—extending over no smaller a period than that which had intervened since the days of the Mahabharat—unique. A *Sadhu* of the Aryan community had taken the field against Christian fathers and Mohammaden Mullas. The controversy had from the first been designed to last for at least three days. The *Mulla* and the *Padre* were, however, so completely discomfited the very first day that on the second no vestige of their encampments was to be found on the scene. For the first time after long a warrior of the Aryan faith had routed the combined operations of Christianity and Islam. A beginning in Aryan aggression had been made; and it had been auspicious. To an abiding credit of those so-called Semitic faiths it must be admitted that their followers introduced lesser acrimony into the debate than did the *Puranists.* No untoward event ever occurred in the course of Dayananda's polemics with the representatives of Islam and Christianity.

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A VISION OF WORLD-UNITY

It was on the occasion of the Durbar, held by Lord Lytton at Delhi, that Dayananda convened at his camp a conference of the exponents of the various religions, each according to its own light working for the uplift of India in his day. The great Muslim leader, Sir Sayyad Ahmad Khan, to whose prophetic insight into the spirit of the age modern Islam owes its achievements in progressive liberalism in the India of to-day, was there to represent Mohmedanism. Babu Keshava Chandra Sen, the apostle of Brahmoism, with a few other distinguished lights of his Samaj; Munshi Kanhayya Lal Alakhdhari, whose writings had a wonderful influence in liberalising orthodox Hinduism in the Punjab; Munshi Indra Mani, who had taken upon himself the gigantic task of defending Hinduism against the attacks of non-Hindus, and such other religious propagandists who, dissatisfied with the state of religion at the time, were earnestly preaching rationalism and trying to deal a deathblow to superstition, had assembled in response to the invitation of the Seer.

Dayananda was conscious of the immense revolutionary currents that were silently sweeping over the uneasy bosom of the seemingly tranquil land. The 'mutiny' of 1857 had not yet become an event of the past. It had failed of its purpose but had left a legacy of unrest. None dared talk of political emancipation; that topic was taboo. The apparent clemency exercised by the rulers had only emphasised the helplessness of the ruled. The spirit of freedom accordingly had, instead of dying out, only widened its range. The whole human outlook was now within the scope of that spirit. The soul of India was liberating itself, first in the field of religion.

The community of ideals that characterised the mission of almost all religious reformers of the time, each working in *his* community apparently and yet helping indirectly the regeneration of a national whole, forms a very interesting study for the historian of today. Dayananda perceived that Sayyad Ahmed Khan and Alakhdhari were proceeding just on parallel lines. He desired that the forces of the two should rather converge and, by a combination of their divided strength, together accelerate the progress of their one motherland. The vision was grand, the vision of a united India, purged of its religious prejudices and sectorian partialities, the Mohmedan joining hands with the Hindu for working under a common banner for the realisation of a common programme for Liberty and Unity. Religious solace, Dayananda knew, was a prime hankering of the human heart. To banish religion from the life of man was an empty dream, a futile hope. To hush up the voice of the soul crying for a sky and a nest was an attempt that must defeat its own purpose. Many a leader coming after Dayananda has to his infinite enlightenment, and perhaps edification, found that the concern which the human masses for religion is no insignificant factor in their lives. For a time curbed, the hankering has time again burst into passion and disturbed the political atmosphere with a suddenness and violence quite unforeseen and unprovided against.

Dayananda wanted to strike at the root of animosity behavers men and men. Religion, he knew, was the lever that lent to all human enthusiasm a momentum not be ignored. He had meant to unify humanity at that fundamental point, the point of religion. Of open controversies in public, he had engaged in many. The masses had literally been electrified by the successes he had won in these public debates. Of the art of religious polemics he was a past master. As a means, for proselytisation of the masses, the method had succeeded wonderfully. Such debates, however, could be own by tricks also. In public it was the art that triumphed, not necessarily the truth on the side of the disputant. Of the spiritual superiority of one faith over another the common folk were the last to be efficient judges. The masses always danced to the tune their leaders played them to. Now, therefore, Dayananda was addressing the leaders, leaders of thought.

To begin with, the appeal with which he opens his *Magnum Opus*, the Satyartha Prakasha, was repeated, to these men of light and leading. Always the Veda had appeared to Dayananda to be the source of all Truth. Veda that had been recognised universally as the primeval revelation of Divine Wisdom. From it being derived all true faiths and formulae of religion that sway the minds of people in all countries. The Commandments of the Veda had been adapted by Prophets and Princes of Peace to suit the necessities of their own times and climes. The sages of India had compiled their *Smritis*, the apostles of Christianity their Bible, the Prophet of Arabia his Quran, and so on and so forth. Should but the followers of all religions own this their common homage due to that primeval Fount of Wisdom Divine, and consent to make an adaptation of their temporary codes so as to make them fit in with the changed conditions, some real foundation of human Unity might be laid, and all quarrels of creed hushed for all time. The religion-ridden Twentieth Century might then be spared the ghastly spectacle of a world-wide Armageddon, whose success consisted in part at least, in bringing to a successful close the Christian Crusades begun far back as the 11th Century. Dayananda wanted to found World-Peace on the basis of Religious Unity. To that end he made his proposal to the religious leaders of his country. They listened to him but were not prepared for an answer. The Rishi was talking in advance of the religious temper of his age.

A few years later, however, the same proposal was made to him from another quarter. The founders of the Theosophical Society addressed to him from America a letter full of reverence and affection. They accepted him as their Guru, and expressed their willingness to unite their Society with the Arya Samaj. He, they said, was to be the Upadeshaka or Preceptor of both the societies. Prompted by devotion, characteristic of new disciples, they made an arduous voyage to India and, without waiting for his return, went on to have his *darshan* in the midst of his tours. Unluckily, the connection between the associations could not be long maintained. Under the tension of difference adding between creeds it sooner snapped. Always ready to welcome into his arms all those who joined his Church, Dayananda never lost a moment in disowning to one who was not sincere in following his creed. Burning with a passionate desire to see the world once more united in bonds of oneness, he could never be party to a Unity founded on Untruth.

The very failure of Dayananda to realise his dream of World-Unity seems to us to be an evidence of the loftiness of his vision.

The Seer was looking beyond his times. The arms he stretched out—to far-off America to hug to his bosom his once blood-relations, the Aryans of old times, now alas held from him by borders of creed and colour, borders more impregnable than borders of configurations of land and water—are yet visible to the eye of imagination akin to the brilliance of a rainbow embracing East and West in one sweep—striving to give all human a common banner, a common insignia, a common creed, a common church.

TOWARDS OTHER CHURCHES

The attitude of Dayananda towards what are regarded as non-Aryan faiths has been considered—wrongly, to be sure—as being hostile. His mission has been considered to have been to extirpate all systems, except his own which, it is thought, he wanted to build on the ashes of the former. In more places than one he makes his position on this point clear:

Truth, he was of opinion, could only be one. In religious verities he went for mathematical exactness. Religion, for one thing, deals with infinite entities; even so does higher Mathematics, too. His quarrel was not with the number of churches; they might be multiplied to any figure. As long as they were the various applications of the simple universal principles underlying all religions, applications designed to meet the exigencies of time and clime, he was all in for supporting them. His denunciations—and here he never minced matters—were directed against superstition and practical barbarities in vogue in the name of religion. For men of every inclination his heart was burning with love. He wanted to set all on the right path. All faiths prevalent in his day were, he thought, but so many aberrations from the Veda. His mission was to restore them to their original purity and perfection. What of truth was in them had its origin in the Veda, and hence was dear to him as part of that primeval Scripture which he regarded as the sole repository of Truth undistorted, Wisdom undefiled.

How else could be explained the tolerant and peaceful affection shown invariably to him by those whom the world would regard as his adversaries? Mohammedan fanaticism was in his time at its highest. No Arya Samaj had, by that time, by its incessant propaganda toned down the opposition of its opponents. For the first time, the Mullas and Padres saw their sacrosanct faith being denounced freely and without a hitch. Christians and Moslems have, after the death of Dayananda created trouble a great many times. Who prevented them from doing so in his very face? Was

Dayananda milder in his refutation than his followers have been after him? Not a bit. His attacks are in their point keener, in their vehemence bolder. Only the spirit that prompted them was the spirit of love. He never attacked with a view to lay bare the weakness of his opponent. Victory was never his ideal. We have already, in a previous chapter, referred to the triangular controversy held at Chandpur. The statements of all the three parties have been preserved. One point that strikes there throughout the reader is the total absence in them of acerbity. The Maulvi, the Padre, and the Swami, speak out all their minds freely. The theories of the opponents are examined and discussed by the three threadbare, but personalities as also the dignity of the faiths they profess are left scrupulously untouched.

Sir Sayyad Ahmed Khan was among devoted admirers of the Swami. He never lost an opportunity of seeing him daily, whenever his presence in the same town or city made such visits possible. Similar, too, had been the practice of Reverend Scott of Bareilly. So deeply impressed was he with the reverence Scott showed him that the Swami would affectionately call him Bhakta Scott. Once, after the lecture of the Swami was over, it was found that Bhakta Scott had not come to attend it. It was Sunday, and the Bhakta, they said, might be conducting service in his Church. The Swami went all the way to the Church of Scott. The latter, as soon as the news was conveyed to him of the Seer's coming, came out to receive him and requested him to deliver *his* sermon that day. Man-worship was the subject that the swami chose for his sermon. The audience listened spell-bound, and the Father himself had nothing but admiration for the remarks of the Sage. The moral of the incident is obvious.

A similar happening is reported to have taken place during his stay at Lahore. He had been invited to the place by Brahmo Samajists who had hoped to make him a preacher of *their* principles. Where there were points of difference between their faith and his, they'd thought they would be able to convert him by their superior reasoning. Two lectures did the Sage deliver from the pulpit of the Brahmo Samaj. The first being on the infallibility of the Veda, while in the second he established the doctrine of Transmigration. Now these two were the points on which he was a non-Brahmo. Finding themselves unable to question his reasonings in public, the Brahmos stopped his preaching from their platform. And the Sanatanists were never prepared to admit him into their temples. A Mohammedan physician, Rahim Khan by name, was at last heard saying he was ready to lend him his bungalow for both his residence as well as series of lectures. His hospitality the Swami requited, curiously by making refutation of Islam the subject of his very first discourse at his hoast's. Somebody objected that the Swami's conduct on the occasion was marked by gross ingratitude. Was it so?, asked the Swami of the doctor. The latter smiled, saying that the objection had been not his. The Swami forthwith began: "Cruelty could not daunt him, nor could hospitality allure him. A bungalow was a very low price with which to buy away his truth. His life had been passed in the open, where the azure was his pavilion, bare earth his floor and his bedding. He could revert to those former, natural haunts of his and summon his audiences there. The men of the world were kind in asking him to their houses. He, too, was grateful for the offer, which he meant to repay in his own, his most valuable, coin. He had no money, no wealth, no earthly belongings. He had bargained away his whole life for a glimpse of unalloyed Truth—no unprofitable bargain to be sure. That same glimpse was he going to share with the doctor. Was he ungrateful?" The whole audience shook their heads. All were deeply moved.

Such, my reader, was the spirit that underlay the thundering denunciations of Swami Dayananda, which spared neither friend nor foe, and for which every evil, whether of India or of outside, was an evil and every good, whether foreign or native was good. He was free, undaunted, unprejudiced, loving only Truth, condemning only Falsehood. In this he never made a compromise. Yet—below that 'condemnation', there lay flowing unceasingly a stream of love and compassion, love for all those that lived, compassion for those of them that were misguided.

THE BRAHMACHARI

Like several other Sanskrit terms, the connotation of which is peculiar to Sanskrit Literature alone, the word *brahmachari* defies all efforts at translation. English expositors of the Veda have construed it as 'Vedic Student'. The translation is apt as far as it goes, but it is translation of only a part of the meaning of the term. In the sense of a student, the use of the term is too narrow to express what is understood by the original word *brahmachari.* A householder, a married man or woman is termed even in the Smritis a *Brahmachari* or *Brahmacharini* provided he or she observes continence, the principal rule of *Brahmacharya.* It is possible to bring out in one word or phrase even this or that phase of *brahmacharya.* The whole connotation of the word *brahmacharya* can be expressed by no other single word or phrase in any other language.

As a student we have seen Dayananda roaming through the forests. He ended his scholastic career in the *Pathshala* of Guru Virajananda, and though to the end of his life he was a student of the Veda, it was not his study of the Veda alone that marks him out as a *brahmachari* par excellence. The face of the Arya Samajist glows as the idea crosses his heart that his Guru was a *bala brahmachari.* What does he mean when he so thinks and so glows? Does he mean that the Great Apostle remained celibrate throughout his life—he did not marry? Dayananda has laid great stress on the duty of marriage from which he exempted only rare individuals like himself whose life was wedded to some all-absorbing Duty—service of humanity. Their affections they cannot share with any other being or thing. Nor is every servant of humanity necessarily a *brahmachari,* though it is only proper that he should be one. *Brahmacharya* in this sense, too, is of the mind, of speech and of the action. The three co-ordinated–immaculate purity of the mind, immaculate purity of the speech, and immaculate purity of action constitute together what is called *Brahmacharya. Brahmacharya* so construed conveys that chastity of one's conception of woman, which translates itself—in action, into heroic gallantry such as was practised by knights of old, in speech, into courtesy towards the gentler sex; and in thought, into reverence and adoration of womanhood. From of old an idea of divinity has been associated with the idea of womanhood. To paraphrase in terms an oft-quoted phrase of the Bible, a *brahmachari* is one who lives and moves and has his being in *brahma* or divinity. And in this sense we shall speak of Dayananda as a *brahmachari* with all the exquisite association going with the word.

Now, as a rule, it is the unmarried that are rude to women. Celibacy has an association with it of contempt of women, especially of on married women. Mary has perforce to be made a virgin just in order to deserve the adoration of a Christian world. As women would have it, humanity conceives sin at its birth. The fall of Adam is supposed to repeat every time a human child passes through the womb of a mother. To a Christian, marriage is an animal necessity. To an Arya, it is a sacred duty, a sacrament on earth attended and participated in by the Gods those days! All depends on the attitude that a religion evinces to this glorious relation between the sexes.

Dayananda did not marry, but did he on that account despise 'married state'? Did he, being celibate, evince a disgust of tenderliness? He could not adore woman as a wife, but to him was open still another, a higher vista for the contemplation of the divinity inshrined in her. He had been a son and, for that, a fondled son. He could not, when grown up, forget the lavish affection of his too fond mother, which alone had reared him up into a sweet, a lovely child, one a little wayward too, inspite of the harsh, punctilious religiosity of his father. As in his youth he went about in the wide world, world both of men and women, he came across many maidens and many damsels, and in each of them he recognised nothing less than a replica of his own mother—a mother in whose lap he—had lain in childhood.

Once, when he was a student studying with the eyeless sage Virajananda, he went out, as was his wont, to the bank of the Jamuna for his bath and prayers. He sat immersed in *dhyana*. As he opened his eyes and was preparing to rise, he felt the touch of a female head bent low at his feet. He at once felt that the incident had been a reversal of a *brahmachari's* conduct and that some expiration was necessary. He ought to have bowed before a women as a son rather than have received her homage as her lord. For three days and nights he kept away from the Guru's hermitage. Near by the bank of the river, there lay a ruined building. There he sat, meditating over Brahma without food, without rest. And when after this self-torture he returned to his Guru, at last, and told him the story of his self-imposed penalty, the latter was literally in ecstacies over the immaculate chastity of his pupil.

Later on, when his fame as a reformer had spread throughout the country, and his views had become a household topic among even people on the streets he once went out while in Mewar for a morning ramble. In his company were *pandits* of the orthodox camp. On the way all were wonder struck when, all of a sudden, as the party passed in front of a raised platform on which grew a 'sacred tree', the head of the Swami bent as in salutation. To his *sanatanist* friends it was enough to give occasion for a secret glee—aye, and for an immediate taunt! One of them broke out: "Inscrutable verily be the ways of gods denounce them, decry them, they will exact the homage due to them even from the most heretic of them." Dayananda bore the mock`silently and when the Pandit had done with his raillery, tearfully he pointed with a finger to a small knot of children playing under the tree. "Look there that littlest representation of Mother. I was ador her. The Matri-Shakti before whom all should bow." The solemnity that marked the posture, the movements, the words, the tone, the expression on the Sages face struck the whole party dumb.

The climax was reached some time later when, at Mathura, a party of ruffians, set to it by an opponent of the Swami, egged on an prostitute to get into his hut. She—found him in a trance, a halo of sanctity surrounded his face something mystic played round it. The very atmosphere of the place at once changed the foul woman's heart. As the Swami woke up from his trance, he found a stranger, and that a female, sitting before him, with her heap of ornaments piled in front of her and shedding tears. "Whither, my Mother?" was the hurried, though calm, query of the Sage... The whole event has been treated of in another chapter, to which the reader is referred.. Not the fact of her conversion but the attitude of the reformer towards one who, being fallen herself, had come with a set purpose to bring about his fall too, is what strikes us in our present glimpse of the *Yogi*. The incident stands out as an instance of the power of innate chastity. Well may the Arya Samaj glow with pride that over its head there shines the undimmed lustre of the brilliant *Bala-brahmachari* whose very sight transformed the fallen and the low.

There were occasions when women sought privacy with him, and he in response denied them that privilege. That he did first to save his character, his reputation among the masses. On sexual matters especially the Indian mind is most touchy, and most prone to doubt. Nor is it safe to encourage free intercourse between strangers of the opposite sex. The *Shastras* prohibit privacy even between sisters and brothers, fathers and daughters. For Dayananda it was essential to set a sound example before his followers. To him whole woman-kind were Madonnas, yet to others they were not, and, as an *acharya*, he had in his outward conduct to play ideally the part of those others.

Dayananda was conscious of the handicap that his sex laid on him in accomplishment of his mission to reform whole Humanity. To his own personality only half mankind could have access. It was the dearest dream of his heart that one from the tender sex itself should supplement his propaganda, by carrying on similar propaganda work among females. To this end he undertook to teach Ramabai, a woman-pandit. Under proper safe-guards he consented to give her lessons in *shastric* lore. The letters that passed between the two have been preserved. They are brimful of affection and reverences, and every word in them breathes the burning desire of the Sage that a woman rishi might rise from among the women folk of the day and promulgate as did *rishikas* in days of yore the sacred Vedic lore among her sisters. Woman to him appeared to be spirituality incarnate. It was a part of his programme to restore the maternal sex to its pristine pedestal of Motherly Glory, of Divinity according to the Vedas. In his heart the sex already occupied that pedestal and this, in essence, was his *bala-brahmacharya*.

THE PATRIOT-POLITICIAN

Dayananda was no doubt a cosmopolitan sage, but all the same he was both a patriot and a politician. He has been recognised as the precursor of a New Age, of new moral values—new not to him but to the rest of the world as that world was living and thinking at the time when he appeared on the scene. His ambition was to see a reformed world, not simply a reformed country. We have already related how he welcomed into his arms disciples from far-off West. All this shows that his sympathies were human, not narrowly national. For the success of his very cosmopolitanism, however, it was necessary that he should fix a centre whence he should start the centrifugal activities of his Universal Mission. Lest your love of man should, in your vain ambition to enclose at once a whole Universe in your necessarily narrow arms, evaporate in a fancy, a dream, on account of the very absence of a practical scheme before you—for in the world as it exists today, there is very little possibility of formulating one—of bringing by the force of any idea, the whole human family under one roof, it is necessary you should begin showing your immediate affections to your immediate neighbour. Patriotism, unless it prejudices the interests of another country, is a necessary factor of cosmopolitanism. Dayananda's own country was, in his day, in the hard grip of a foreign exploiter. It was economically, politically being treated as a helot of the rest of humanity. It appears to us to be a divine Providence that to arrange for them, as it were, an appropriate schooling, Nature gives birth to the redeemers of Humanity in places where Humanity is at the time, in direst woe. In subject communities the spirit of cosmopolitanism finds a favourable soil. From their own experience of foreign tyranny, such communities naturally develop world-wide sympathies for their fellow-men. The danger of this spirit is that, over-worked and over-strained it translates itself into indifferences towards one's own country. Slothful souls find in the easy flights to this filmsy spirit, a convenient refuge from the hard tiresome struggle that goes on at their doors. Slogans of world-wide sympathy are the easiest to cram and parrot-like repeat when the time comes to respond to patriotism's call. To religious reformers, the temptation to avoid this earthly struggle appeals most naturally. Their field is spiritual. For the things of the earth there is no place in their heavenly cares and sympathies.

Not of such fibre was Dayananda's mental fabric made. Politics appeared to him to be the controlling factor of human life. Unless that factor is purged of its impurities, no religious uplift will help suffering mankind. More than half the ills of Humanity have their root in perverse politics and if religion should forego addressing itself to this most important and most comprehensive field of human action, it confines itself to an incredibly narrow region, a region virtually of imbecility and impotency. All religions, that have made their mark on the history of mankind began from moral and social reform and ended with political upheavals. Morality exerts its greatest momentum in politics; and politics in its turn, has its ripest fruit in the furtherance of public and private morality of citizens.

Some of Dayananda's most pathetic prayers are the prayers that seek to remedy the ills of his country. The very word *Swarajya,* which today is India's watchword, was first used in its present political bearings by Dayananda. The death of the sage occurred before the Indian National Congress came into being. But he had not only formed a dream of Democracy, a dream which is flitting before the country today, but had also given that dream, his dream of plebescite a practical shape in the Constitution of his Arya Samaj. It is in this society that both majorities and minorities have at their command an affective instrument of giving expression to their views. Any school of opinion that can rally round it ten voters may have one member in the executive body of the Samaj. The Congress has yet to take its cue from Dayananda's scheme of a political Constitution.

Dayananda was the greatest respector of the people's conscience. Only, he would train that conscience in the proper way. He would have every country, great and small, free to rule itself. In case a nationality breaks an international convention, or for that matter conducts itself in a manner prejudicial to the interests of mankind, or in its internal management tyranny helds sway, in case, in short, something happen which necessitates interference from outside, Dayananda would permit such interference, even by the force of arms. He would, however, insist that his interference should be a transitory step designed simply to reform the conquered community. The very day of the conquest should witness a change of the governing body, which should in no case, be composed, except of the children of the soil. Trusts in the long run prove life-long leases.

In the internal management of a country Dayananda would give the highest place to enlightened self-sacrifice. He would set no monetary value on educational qualifications. Voluntary poverty appears to him to be the badge of piety and learning. Those with the least wants, and therefore the most selfless, should have the greatest hand in the administration of the realm. The executive belongs to others, but the inspiration and determination is necessarily theirs. At the head of the government should be the king. His office is not necessarily to be hereditary. The people choose him, and the choice lasts for his life, unless something disqualifying him for the office takes place in the interim. His person is as much subject to the judicial codes of the realm as that of his meanest subject.

To assist him, there are to be three assemblies, devised for the administration of affairs relating to Legislature, Dharma Education, Vidya and Executive functions—Rajya, respectively. Education, no less than Legislature, he would have free from the control of the Executive to obviate the possibility of this most powerful humanising agency in the civil life of the community being subordinated to selfish political ends. Justice he would leave in the hands of Brahmans, those highly erudite but having no pecuniary interest in developing the resources of one class of subjects at the cost of another.

As to the means he would allow for the redress of the people's grievances, he has given his sanction to every variety of protest against and remedy of—political tyranny, beginning from verbal appeals and ending in armed revolts of non-co-operation, propounded by Gandhi, not only the creed, but every single item of the practical programme also, is suggested by Dayananda in his books. He was both a co-operator and a non-co-operator, what particular weapon should be employed at a particular time is to be determined by the occasion. In the nation's armoury, however, there should not be scarcity of munitions of war of any quality and of any brand. To co-ordinate the administration carried on in various ways in various countries he would have an International Congress, presided over by a Chakravarti Raja. Sanyasis to whom the whole Earth is their home, should have a determining voice in the deliberations of that whole World Assembly.

Such, in brief, was Dayananda's outline of a scheme for the governance of the political affairs of the whole world and of the countries which compose it. He would leave every country to develop its own culture. Only, that culture should not become a *kultur* with menace to the rest of Humanity. Dayananda was in the favour of encouraging Swadeshi. The ordinary wants of the inhabitants of every country should, he says, be supplied within that country. For food and clothing, especially, no land should depend on another land. It was at Wazirabad that the Sage asked for a knife. And when a knife of foreign manufacture was brought to him, he was wroth expressing on incensed surprise at the inability of a town, where cutlery was the chief native industry, to supply him a knife of native make. He displayed a bias in favour of native dress and native manners. His chief attack on the Brahmos was that they were discarding native modes of life. Every country has developed a set of forms, in which is cloaked that country's individuality. Unless something repugnant to higher Humanity has crept into those forms, it is in the interest of the ancient culture of that country to stick to those forms and to keep them intact. Dayananda, that lover of Humanity at large, was strange as it may seem, an advocate of Swadeshi a Swadeshist to the core.

He would not relinquish the language of his country. When B. Keshab Chandra Sen regretted his ignorance of English, which circumstance, he said, incapacitated him from going to preach his faith in England, he was ready with the retort that more deplorable still was the learned Keshab's imperfect mastery of his native tongue which stood as a bar between him and *his* people. At the door of an ancient fortress, guarded by British officers, he was asked, as a preliminary to admittance, to take off his turban and go in with his shoes on. No, said he, this would reverse Indian custom, which he was not prepared to do, even for a purpose higher than that of having the temporary pleasure of sight-seeing. With such patriotic prejudices, Dayananda was yet a cosmopolitan sage of the first brand. His was a mixture, a chemical union more properly, of the love of man and the love of his country. To him the two loves appeared to be but two forms of a higher love the love of his Lord.

A PHYSICAL COLOSSUS

Dayananda's greatness lay not in his intellectual and spiritual excellences alone; his body, too, was no less a prodigy of physical strength. As he stood amidst large concourses of people, he could easily be distinguished by his towering height. The make of his whole body was gigantic. He had a bulky constitution, which, however, continuous exercise and asceticism had wrought into a solid mould of prowess and power. In his movements he was agile. As he went out for his morning constitutionals, those that accompanied him had literally to run. 'Sound mind in a sound body' was the maxim that Dayananda in his person typified. *Yogis* there are who by continued fasts and self-tortures, emaciate all their limbs, so that, for the purposes of physical activity, they are no better than a bare skeleton, incapable of strenuous exertion. Such, however, was not Dayananda's idea of *Yoga*. In his early years, before he had the good fortune to knock at the door of the hermitage of his sage guru Virajananda, he had learnt all the physical exercises of *Yoga* and, as he somewhere candidly admits, had derived great benefit from them. Yet, what is physical is barely physical. Of real *Yoga,* which Patanjali defines as the restraint of inner and outer organs, moral rectitude is the first and foremost factor. Among *yamas* and *niyamas* which, according to the author of the Yoga Darshan, are the first rungs of the ladder of the *Yoga,* there is prescribed *swadhyaya,* which commentators interpret as the study of Veda. Thus in order to be a *Yogi,* in the sense in which *Rishis* use the term, exertion, mental as well as physical is necessary. Both these presuppose a sound body and a sound mind. Among one of the achievements of *Yogis* is mentioned *arogya* or freedom from disease. And, in case a *Yogi* should rivet his attention on his body, he is said to acquire, by the continuation of that attention, an adamantine physical frame.

Such, too, appears to have been the ideal of our ancestors during, and before, what are termed in history the epic ages of India. The Arya warriors of old were not the human automations that are driven mechanically to the fields of battle today. The work of fighting for the country was under the old *Varnashrama* system, entrusted to *Kshastriyas* who were *dvijas* or twice-born, having passed through a second birth by undergoing a course of intellectual and spiritual training at a *Gurukula.* Patriotism was in those times an intelligent sentiment which none but the educated had the right to cherish and profess. Those that incited men to a bloodshed under holy pretences of 'maintenance of Liberty', 'love of the Motherland', etc., etc., themselves were responsible for keeping that spirit intact amidst revolting barbarities of War. The development of intellect had, thus, to go hand in hand with the development of the body.

Dayananda who, by a devotee of his, has been characterised as a glimpse of the good old India of the time of *Rishis,* typified in him, like his forbears of old, a harmonious working of all the human powers that conjointly make for perfect human growth. He was a refutation incarnate of the idea, that of late had begun to gain ground, that physical strength and prowess were inconsistent with a keen intellectual acumen. Those that are spiritually great should also be physically great. Sunken eyes are no doubt an indication of nocturnal vigils. They, however, harbinger, also, an early imbecility, which is sure to hasten a premature decadence of the intellect. The work that Dayananda had set before himself was gigantic. It required, for its accomplishment, a gigantic physique with gigantic capabilities of enduring gigantic strains. A few years before his death he could point to the havoc that constant exertions had worked on his once colossal body. That he could endure such incessant exertion of both body and mind up to the end of his life was due to the early care that he had, during his period of preparation or what some call probation for apostleship bestowed on his gradually but harmoniously growing constitution. He had consciously developed it, consciously strengthened it, consciously hardened it, till the process of deliberate development had given him a perfect unbroken and unbreakable vehicle of work.

Innumerable are the feats of strength that Dayananda performed and to which witnesses are found even today among old men of some of the places which he had the occasion to visit. It was at Jullundhur that Vikram Singh, one of the big landlords of the place, a *rais*, asked of Dayananda some physical proof of the prodigious powers with which he used always to credit practisers *brahmacharya* (sexual chastity). And the sage, instead of giving an answer, was silent. After a while, the Sardar made preparation to go somewhere and a carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, was made ready for him. The Sardar sat in it, and the syce made sign to the animals to start. Finding them loth to move, he whipped them, but their obduracy was unconquerable. Looking behind, what should he see but that Dayananda stood holding one of the wheels with his hand, making it impossible for the carriage to move. At Wazirabad in the course of a lecture, he held up his hand and called to the wrestlers that had mustered strong in the audience, to come and lower it. None of those present had the courage to answer the challenge. Passing through a lane he was, all of a sudden, confronted by a huge bullock, which, from its reddened eyes, appeared to be infuriated. Nothing daunted he pressed on, while his companions stood behind, thinking to find out some way of avoiding the ferocious beast. Later, when they had joined him, one of them inquired of the Sage what he would have done if the animal had attacked him. He closed both his fists and said, he would catch it thus by the horns and force it back. A constable, who had kept watch for the night, sank terrified on the ground as he perceived the gigantic figure of the Sage advancing towards him in the early dusk of the dawn, when the *rishi* was probably returning from his *yogic* meditation in some sylvan solitude.

At Karanvas he made objection to the *raslila,* or dance performance of characters representing Shri Krishna and Radha, arranged under the orders of a Thakur, by name Karan Singh. The latter, getting incensed, came to the habitation of the Sage, armed with his sword, and after a furious altercation, actually advanced to strike him, when lo! the Sage leapt from his seat, and, with the alarcity of a practised warrior, wrested the sword from the rude assailant's hand, and resting it on the ground pressed it so that it broke in two.

Dayananda never took the offensive in fighting. Nor did he ever evince a desire to make show of his physical indomitability. Even when acting on the defensive he invariably spared his opponent. His sublims vow of Sanyas prevented him from pressing his advantage further. Yet the consciousness, that he had with him an immense store of strength on whic': he could draw at the time of need, made for self-reliance, so that he went about quite undaunted, wherever and whenever exigencies of his mission to spread Vedic teachings drove him, often alone in the face of odds.

Physical power, today, is the dire need of society. In fields, political, religious, and communal, strong invincible bodies are in great requisition. They will aid in fighting patriotic battles. They will save communities from the onsets of other communities. They will, above all, help in carrying the message of the True Faith to lands where Barbarism rules; and Culture, unless it has, to shelter it if need be, an invulnerable shield in the shape of a strong physical constitution, is sure to succumb. Let Dayananda then, the Dayananda that was indomitable, as much by dint of his adamantine physique, as by the wonderful radiance of his intellect and the marvellous magnetism of his spirituality, serve as a model for that hankering humanity, which is impatient to press its pace in fields of politics, of scientific and philosophical research, and of Religion alike.

THE EDUCATIONIST

Dayananda wanted to reform Humanity at its source. He was conscious that the future of the nations buds invariably in the hearts of their young hopefuls. In order that the reform you make may be permanent, plant your spirit in the hearts of the future citizens of the Commonwealth. Spare not the youth. They will help you in moulding the character of the generations to come. To give the hearts of youngsters the trend you will, their immediate elders are a powerful influence. Utilise them, therefore, as an influence, but your main hopes should be centered in the citizens that are to be. Look for the fruits of your efforts from generations yet unborn. It is to this end that Dayananda has devoted many chapters of his books to the question of education. To this topic he reverts every now and then. Young children appear to occupy a very tender corner in his affectionate heart.

He started a school or two, but finding the attempt premature, and therefore at the time futile, had to close them down. The atmosphere in which seminaries to his heart could flourish was yet to be created. The boys of the day were not fit to be received in schools of his designing. Nor were teachers available, to whom the sacred charge of his educational mission could be entrusted. Education, as Dayananda would have it, begins in the mother's womb. Preparations have to be made long, even before conception, to make that womb a fit receptacle for a worthy promising soul. For, according to the *Arya Shastras,* the character of the *atma** that enters a mother's womb depends on the spiritual characteristics of the present. Your invocation, the spirit, that characterises your *Prana-Pratishtha,*† determines the grade of the diety that will, with its presence, enliven the idol. For long months the aspiring parents remain in close commune, paving by their sound musings the way for the advent of a blissful beneficent soul. The more carefully they observe the injunction of the *shastras* in this respect, the more confident they can be of having sound, worthy progeny. Their concern increases, as the expected boon is vouchsafed. During the whole period of pregnancy the mother has to be on her guard against all sorts of mishaps. An unworthy idea of the mother may mar the mind of the child for life, and be carried perchance also to the generations that are to come after him. For five years the chap is nursed and trained by mother. He learns the Alphabet with her. Without overburdening his brain, an attempt is made to stuff his mind with wholesome maxims, and easy verses, full of useful instruction. During early years the memory of a child is very keen and rentenive. Unless you give it something salubrious to retain, it will run after questionable matter—some street slang, e.g., filthy abuse.

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* Soul

† The ceremony whereby followers of the *Puranas* in voke the duty to reside in an image. Here wishes of parents as regards their prospective offspring.

Before the age of eight the child should go to school. This should be a compulsory duty, for the timely discharge of which the parents of both boys and girls should be responsible under the laws of the state. Every attempt should be made to give all children of the land the advantage of a second birth, as authors of *Arya Shastras* delight in designating the process of education under a *Guru*. A child, found naturally unfit to be taught, can alone be excused. To such are entrusted the duties of a *Shudra,* menial servant. Any the highest lineage should not exempt him from being so classed. For in the interests of society conventional privileges of individuals have of necessity to be sacrificed.

According to Dayananda's scheme—and that scheme was formulated in conformity with principles enunciated by the ancient *rishis*—schools, whether of girls or of boys, have to be located at a distance from townships and cities. Considerations not only of health, but also of the moral welfare of the student community render this isolation necessary. For the cultivation of a spirit of learning and meditation solitary seclusion is essential—a factor that towns cannot by their very nature provide. Every little ripple, that disturbs the stream of the outer communal life has its influence on the inner life-currents of institutions that have their being in it. The noise and bustle which is in the essence of town-life, cannot but be detrimental to the pursuit of studies.

Man learns chiefly from Nature. In the present industrial age, the opportunities of direct contact with the virgin beauties of Nature are, if any, but few. However prosaic the mind of the mechanical man of today may have become, the poetry that is inherent in the grand and glorious scenes of everyday phenomena of Nature appeals to it with an irresistible force. In fact, it is by that poetry that the inner workings of the spirit are, in various persons, directed into their various channels. Lest later life should shut out this chance of direct vision of God in his glories, it is but befitting that the early years be passed in the open amidst scenes of immaculate joy of unsophisticated bliss.

Till at least the ages of 24 and 16 respectively, boys and girls should live within such surroundings. The academies are to be all residential and the relation between the teacher and the taught should be personal. In the treatment meted out to the latter, in the matter especially of their physical wants, strict equality should be observed, so that differences of birth and of the pecuniary and social position of their parents should be effaced, and a spirit of *esprit de corps* is cultivated by a continued life of willing co-operation and what may sound a paradox self reliant inter-dependence. Contempt of poverty, and with it the spirit of self-important superciliousness seeking to dwarf the capabilities of those born only in different circumstances from one's self a common feature of the artificial system of society of today, is by the very nature of these democratic schools, ruled out of their corporate scholarly life. The function of education is to fit the pupils for the varied parts that await them in the civil life of the Community. The old fourfold division into classes—a division that every state of society has perforce to observe, whether consciously and with deliberate endeavour to make it efficient in its working or by letting it drift and shape itself according to circumstances—has of necessity to be borne in mind. The present ills of nations, arising out of an inequitable distribution of Nature's goods, can be cured, says the *Rishi*, by the introduction anew of the now antiquated system of *Varnas*— classes. Only, you have to establish that system on a basis of social justice. Individual merit, and not privileges of birth and inherited means, determine the occupation and with it the social status of a man or a woman.

Dayananda entrusts the determination of the class, mistermed caste, to which a pupil shall belong, to the corporation of teachers that have taught him. On this distribution of offices in the communal life hangs, as on a hinge, the future of the whole society. The executive body of the state, Rajya Sabha, gives only official sanction to the decree of the preceptors. From this the reader may imagine what great dignity attaches to the office of a teacher. He decides by what means the future citizens of the country will earn their bread and what, in consequence, shall be their place in society. The treatment they will receive at the hands of their fellow-citizens, in fact their whole destiny as members of the human race, is bound up with the occupation which will give them after living; and that occupation, as we have said, is determined by the teachers.

Dayananda set his face absolutely against Co-education of the sexes. Apart from moral considerations, which should dominate in the decision of matters involving continual accompaniment of the sexes, there are also educational and economic drawbacks in a system yoking persons of different sexes together. To one sex Nature allots a longer period for studies than to the other in as much as puberty makes its appearance in males considerably later than in females. The task, again, assigned to the tender sex is that of mother. A considerable portion of the life of woman is taken up by the duties of maternity which confines them to their home, while men are all the time free to roam where they will. Providence, it appears, has assigned the winning of bread to men, and management of the household to woman. Such being their respective parts in the economy of both the community and the household, it is but meet that their training for these parts be different. Discrepancies of natural temperament and constitutional make both physical and mental, point to the same conclusion as regards the arrangement, joint or separate, for their education.

Of languages, Dayananda would begin with the mother-tongue of the pupil, the Alphabet of which he would teach in the mother's lap. Gradually as the instruction of the lad or lass progresses, a knowledge of other languages may, at the proper stage, be added. The medium of instruction can be no other than the mother tongue. In the syllabus, too, the mother-tongue will, of necessity, be allotted among languages, the place of honour. While other forms of speech serve some commercial or literary or scientific purpose, a purpose at best secondary, the purpose of the mother-tongue is, first and foremost, spiritual—it helps the unfolding of the soul. Mastery of one's own tongue is a perpetual joy, a joy on which the spirit may turn at any time and in any clime. The mother-tongue embodies the evolution of the race to which the individual belongs. It is the spiritual heritage of the nation which none but a dastardly offspring can forego. For the benefit of beginners Dayananda got a few primers compiled. One of these is *Vayavahara Bhanu,* a mine of sound moral instruction. Another is *Sanskrita Vakya Prabodhah.* This latter is a series of conversations on ordinary topics of daily talk. The compilation of this book unmistakably shows that the method that Dayananda would himself adopt for the teaching of a language was conversational, and that the knowledge that he would like his pupils to acquire first was practical, *viz.,* that which should help them in conducting their everyday business of life. Book-lore he would add later as a further embellishment.

An incident from the life of the Sage, illustrating what his behaviour towards his pupils would be, if he had the opportunity of assuming the role of a teacher, will be a fitting close to the present Glimpse from his variegated and variedly instructive career. In a *pathashala* established by him, a wall of a room had fallen and the boys were exposed on that account to all inclemencies of weather. Coming in the course of a tour to visit that academy he perceived the inconvenience of the pupils and proceeded forthwith to set up with his own hands a wall of straw. Never disdaining labour, he was today prompted to it with redoubled impetus by his love of *brahmacharis*—pupils which to him as a *bala-brahamachari* was a passion of his life.

THE OCEAN OF MERCY

A tract by Swami Dayananda is styled *Go-Karuna-Nidhi, i.e.,* A Treasure of Mercy to the Cow. It was circulated broadcast during his lifetime. A part of Dayananda's propaganda was to preach mercy towards animals. In pursuance of this mission of his he opened a *Go-Rakhshini Sabha.* All those that believed in the necessity of the preservation of cows, no matter what was their religious belief, could become members of this society. He sought interviews with high officials, and tried to persuade the governing head of a province to take the initiative by introducing in his Council a legislative measure prohibiting the killing of cows. A memorial, signed by thousands of Indians of all faiths, was prepared to be presented to Queen Victoria to urge the necessity of making the slaughter of cows an offence under the Indian Penal Code.

All these activities were engineered by Swami Dayananda, and made so popular that even Mohammedans and Christians had no hesitation in joining this Hindu humanitarian movement. The point of view from which Dayananda approached this question was that of humanity and economics, not that of veneration for the cow which is a tenet of the Hindu faith, causes aversion in the mind of the Mohammedan fanatic. In his brochure also he emphasised the economic side of the problem. In this way he elevated what to the Hindu is a simple *Shastric* injunction to be blindly believed in and carried out to the high level of a dictate of enlightened Rationalism. By means of mathematical calculations he made out the greater utility of using the cow as a domestic animal than that of beef as an article of food. On medical grounds, too, he prohibits the use of meat.

The cow appeared to Dayananda to be the connecting link between men and animals. His advocacy of the preservation of cows was in fact advocacy of the preservation of all animals. This view of his is reiterated by him in more than one place. He permits the practice of hunting to the *Kshatriya.* This to be a part of his training. The object of the art is to teach him manliness, which, as the word implies, should always succour the weak keep the cruel in check. Those beasts of prey, which are a danger to human beings, are alone to be destroyed and killed. A *Raja* that indulges in the pursuit as a pastime, commits according to Manu, whom Dayananda approvingly quotes, a sin which laws prohibit.

In matters of food the Arya Samaj is a vegetarian society. It is a mainly faith, including chivalary to the weak in its broad conception of manliness. Even eggs and fish which certain vegetarian associations of the West regard as permissible food are not at all allowed to the Arya samajist. As an instance of the supreme human feeling of Dayananda we shall quote an incident from his life. It was at Datarpur that, while returning from a ramble, he came across a bullock card, which somehow had got stuck in the mud. The driver of the cart stood on the bank of the slough. He had a big staff in his hand, with which he was beating the bullocks very hard. The dumb animals had exercised their whole strength, but finding the task beyond their conjoint efforts, stood tamely suffering the tyranny of their master. The latter, too, was tired, as his hard breath abundantly showed. Dayananda, as he sighted this spectacle, was deeply moved. He lost no time in hastening to the scene of misery. Taking off his clothes he relieved the bullocks of the burden of the yoke, which forth with he placed on his own neck, and lo! the cart was out in an instant. With what grateful eyes the carter viewed the Sage, as he moved away, and what profound sense of thankfulness his provident aid evoked in the hearts of the time speechless animals, is for the reader to imagine.

Himself a *Brahmin*, and that, too, in the highest stage of Renunciation and Love, viz. that of *Sanyasa,* Dayananda never took up a weapon even to hit back an adversary. His was a vow of absolute tolerance. He saved himself without hurting others. While still a seeker after Knowledge, he relates how he once met a wild bear, and perceiving that the animal would attack him, he had only lifted up his huge staff and the beast disappeared. Patanjali, in his *Yoga Darshanam* mentions a *Siddhi* i.e., a yogic achievement, by dint of which the practiser who has purged his mind of the very idea of violence is not himself immune from the violence of others but even such brutes as nature has made mutually inimical forget their malice in his presence. Till that stage is reached, self defence is under Arya law a duty. Men and women of all classes and in all *Ashramas*—stages of life are called upon to defend themselves against attacks. The same law applies to communities and nationalities. The carnage that a war occasions is nowhere denounced as a sin. To Shri Krishna, on the contrary, the shedding of blood on such occasions appears to be a specially meritorious act. He urges Arjuna to enter war which in his case was a gate of Heaven. Dayananda, while he lays great stress on mercy, takes care that the sentiment of mercy should on no account have an enervating influence on the temperament of those who cherish it. It is the strong, those, *i.e.,* who if they were so minded, could hurt and even kill people, that can save men. Mercy, according to Dayananda is a brave sentiment.

THE SAVIOUR

We have seen in the preceding chapter how Dayananda's love flowed evenly towards all creatures. His mercy blessed both man and beast. The affection he felt towards his fellow-beings was broad-based on a desire to do good to the whole world of living beings. The interests of the whole he always placed above those of a part. Society or what is the same thing. Community, he ever viewed as standing higher than individuals. Among creatures, too, he recognised grades. Man to him was the lord of creation, not that he should tyrannise over his fellow-beings, but that he should be their guardian and protector. This he thought to be the essence of all lordship. The glory of man, he says, is the love he evinces to his fellow-creatures. He may utilise them, yoke them to his service, but he should use them in a way to indicate clearly that he and they are of one family. Such is the ancient teaching of the Vedas; and Dayananda, as we have said elsewhere, embodies in his life the primeval lessons inculcated to mankind since the dawn of Creation.

Dayananda was conscious that for the preservation of human society, for its maintenance in a firm state of stability. Justice, both divine and human, has been devised to act as a powerful lever. The *Law of Karma* works unobserved but sure. The wheel of divine Equity turns slowly and invisibly, but it grinds fine, it grinds hard. It is by dint of that wheel that the machinery of the Universe is working. In the stern decrees of Providence, however, the tone dominant, it may be perceived is that of Graciousness, of Mercy. Of the whole music of divine dispensation, Love is the keynote. Even the wrath of the Heavenly Father is expressed in notes pitched in that soft key. To human beings is entrusted the task of reformation of man. As the goal even of divine justice is the uplift of human beings, so, too, is human Equity ordained to aim at the achievement of that goal. The human culprit should be treated in a manner that should tend to his betterment in future. With this object in view are the present jails, courts and police establishments condemned by modern reformers. With crimes, the latter have no sympathy. They wish to save humanity in which they include also the worst criminal. They will punish the latter in a way to make of him a better man after he has been punished.

Punishment, according to the Divine Code, should vary, not with the degree of seriousness of the offence, but with the temperament and degree tractability of the offender. To some stern justice will do good; to others a modicum of mercy will prove the elixir of life. The most incorrigible felons have been known to have reformed, as if a sudden metamorphosis had taken place in them, at an unexpected expression of kindness or as a result simply of a sympathetic look of a really forgiving magnanimous soul. The glance has gone deep into them; it has changed their very nature. Such a great soul was Swami Dayananda. Himself ready to bear the bitterest fruits of his action of both past and present lives, his attitude towards those that offended him was one always marked by love and highest magnanimity. In the criminal code, which he would enforce in an ideal Arya kingdom, he prescribes very condign punishments for seemingly small offences. His idea there is to strike terror in the hearts of the people. He would minimise the frequency of punishments, even though he should add to their stringency. Where, however, his personal dealings with those that do wrong to his own person are concerned, he is the most forgiving, especially in the cases where those wrongs are done him in the course of his preachings.

The cruelty of his opponents at the close of the controversy at Kashi has already been referred to. At Amritsar, while he was delivering a discourse to a large and heterogenous audience, a section of hearers appears to have taken offence at his bold denunciation of superstitious untruths. They began to throw brickbats at him. He, however, remained firm where he was, saying with a complaisant smile that where that day stones where being showered a time would come when people would welcome him with showers of flowers. The prophecy has come true. The preachers of the Arya Samaj have many a time being garlanded amidst highly enthusiastic audiences of Amritsar.

At Wazirabad, too, a similar incident is reported to have taken place. There a piece of stone struck his forehead, whence blood began the ooze. The *Rishi* wiped off the blood with his handkerchief, and went on with his lecture. How Rao Karan Singh attacked him with a sword, and when repulsed was spared by the *Rishi,* has been noticed in a previous chapter. The climax was reached when attempts at poisoning the *Rishi* were discovered by his devotees and the culprits let go as a result of his sweet magnanimous command to that effect.

A Brahmin at Anupshahr one day brought to him a betel leaf, which the *Rishi* readily took and began to chew. Something in its taste, however, made him suspect there was poison in it. He forthwith stood up, and without letting an inkling drop to those that sat around, went straight to the river which flowed by. Among the exercises of Yoga, of which he had learnt a great many during his early wanderings, there was one *Neoli Karma.* This exercise he performed with the water of the Ganges, and thus disgorged what of the betel leaf had by that time passed down his throat. The Brahmin had in the meantime fled from the *Rishi's* hut, but the rascally attempt he had made became known in no time. The Tahsildar of the place, a Mohammaden, Sayyad Muhamad by name, was an admirer of the Swami. As he heart of the horrid happening, he was quite upset and the whole machinery of investigation and inquiry he had at his disposal he set in motion to find out the poisoner of the Swami. And he succeeded at once in getting hold of the fellow. Fastened in fetters he brought the latter to the residence of the Swami and said, the days of the wretch had apparently been numbered, for law would surely condemn him to death.

Did this sight place the Swami—the sight of humble, devoted service by a Mohammedan admirer of his? It did. Only the devotion was misplaced. It had placed a man, a fellow-being of Dayananda, in chains. The *Rishi* instead of evincing his gratification, reprimanded the Tahsildar. "Liberty is my mission. I have come to loosen, not to fasten afresh, the chains of humanity." Such was the stern and yet loving rebuke which that saviour of man administered to one, who had, in his name, fettered a fellow human being. The sight was for gods to see and bless. A similar scene was enacted when the Sage lay affected again by a similar dose of poison, this time beyond even his *yogic* capacity to disgorge it. Death in this case was certain. Mercy is easier to exercise when at least one's own life is safe from danger. There is a sense of hilarity consequent on one's own escape from death. One may celebrate the occasion with a magnanimous award of forgiveness to one's would-be assassin. It is under the dreadful shadow of death that the tenderness of a human soul, however loving and broad-minded, is subjected to a severe test. And yet Dayananda had not the least hesitation in giving Jagannath, when poisonous beverage was making its tragic effects already felt is his bowels, not only a free pass out of his house at a time when none would detect him, but some amount of money also, with which he might make good his escape from the territory of the British Sarkar. Later, when the memory of the Sage had made him an idol of his people, Jagannath is said to have been observed weeping. The idea seemed to have taken possession of him that he had put a premature end to the life of a humanitarian Sage, for which sin there could be no expiation. Ah! he had ruined himself—ruined his very soul! Was not the mercy of the Sage a severe punishment, and in the guise of punishment sure reformation as well?

THE REDEEMER

Dayananda opened the doors of the Vedic church to any that would like to enter. 'Knock and it will be opened to thee.' was his magnanimous message to Humanity. Not like the Hindus of his times did he regard those that were once lost as once for all lost. Both those that had in their present life renounced their belief in the Vedas, and those that had never since their birth had the opportunity to believe in them, could become members of his church. One Mohammed Omar, a Mohammedan by birth, he rechristened Alakhdhari. Several Christians, such as had since their birth been of that faith, as well as such as had for one cause or another adopted that creed, were registered as Aryas. What was required of them was only to declare that they embraced the faith inculcated by the Vedas, and they forthwith became fullfledged Arya Samajists. The reclamation even of Malkanas, whom the Hindus eagerly hugged back to their breasts the other day, was initiated by Dayananda. An aged Malkana declared, a few months ago, that he had received his *yajnopavitam* from the hands of the *Rishi*.

Dayananda's proselytism, however, was not only an accumulation of numbers. Creed to him was, no doubt, a great thing. For even by a lip-profession of a particular faith, one begins to act upon a few of its most outstanding principles. A *Sanatan Dharmist*, for instance, will not kill a cow, a Mohammedan will not eat pork. By ceasing to be a Muslim one is relieved of the obligation to perform 'Qurbani' which involves gratuitous slaughter of innocent animals. These are vital things; and even if conversion effects only these changes, it cannot be discarded. The cumulative strength of a community at the back of a system of faith, or of a compulsory wholesome course of conduct, which a church enjoins, makes the latter an effective force in the moral and spiritual uplift of humanity. Numbers, therefore, are to be welcomed as a factor in the humanising capacity of the church which they choose to follow. Only when they become the be-all and end-all of religious movements, they prove an incurable bane of associations and communities. Their essence they sap up; what remains is an empty shell, a huge shell but a shell without a kernal.

Dayananda's first aim was to reform 'the lowliest and the lost'. Even among those who professed to believe in the Vedas were such as, in their practice, belied those professions. Some there were whom the society had crushed down under its arbitrary tyranny of caste. They had in them great possibilities, but the opportunity to let those possibilities avolve into actualities was denied them. Others there were who, by pursuing a misguided course of action, had drifted on and on in the reverie of their wilful folly till they stood plunged in a hopeless abyss of sin. A third group suffered on account of a superabundance of intellectual keenness which, in the absence of a competent spiritual monitor that should curb its impetuosity, was running riot with beliefs and facts. To all these classes Dayananda directed his attention.

In the short span of life that was allowed him he could only point the way. As in the matter of conversion of non-Aryas, he set examples in the redemption of degenerate Aryas also. He set the misguided on the right path. He picked the fallen up and made them stand on their own legs. All this he did, not simply by word of mouth. His personal magnetism, the bewitching charm of his great soul, which made itself manifest in the ordinary acts of his everyday life, was more effectual than his occasional verbal advice. The latter was, in fact, crystallised in the former. His words thus became concrete, and to the gross, whose powers of perception had been dulled by a life-long career of thoughtless indifference, the appeal was greater of his concrete practice than of his abstract reasonings. To the keen-minded, too, more could be expressed in a glance than in volumes of homilies and sermons. We shall pick up a few instances of such conversions Dayananda made in his lifetime. He pushed his pace both ways. He multiplied numbers, and made it his special business to reform each individual internally. Without numbers his idea of reform should have remained only an idea; without individual reform the very numbers he had gained should have proved his stumbing block.

I

Not a word did the *Rishi* speak when a dancing girl, set it to by his opponents, approached him with enticing mien. The syren found the Sage in a trance of *yogic* vision; the sight disarmed her quite. She fell back and retraced her steps, struggling every moment to turn back and push once more on her ugly errand, and then struggled in the midst of that attempt to her deep dismay. A second time did the villains of Mathura egg her on. But a more glorious halo encircled the features of the *Yogi* this time. Instead of repulsive awe, she found in his face an inviting allurement. With an unsteady pace she ventured forward till she found herself close to the *Yogi*. She sat down. One by one her ornaments slipped off her arms and other parts of her body. Her eyes were filled with tears. She looked now at the *Yogi*, now down on the ground, till in this attitude her gaze was fixed. 'Will he, that diety of golden grace, deign to look at me, aye, me who am a hopeless sinner?' All of a sudden the *Yogi* woke from his trance. "Why? A mother? A *Mai*? Whence? Wherefore here?" For the repentant soul tenant at present of the body of a prostitute, the query was enough. "My sins, my Master, have impelled me hither. My golden ornaments that once dazzled me, but today are relics of a remedied blindness, I make of them an offering to thee." "Of no use are they to me," cried the *Rishi*, "Go hence, mother! and make for every thine own the spiritual vision that thou sayest thou hast found." Except for the last blessing, which was only a sequel to the process, the tongue of the *Rishi* had borne no part in the reclamation of the degenerate soul. This last was miracle of his mien, of his eyes which, though shut, were shedding an eloquent celestial lustre.

II

On the bank of the holy Ganges, the *Rishi* sat delivering a sermon. Members of all the three high-born castes, those that had undergone or had, if they liked, the privilege to undergo, double birth, were rapt listening. From a corner of the assembly there burst on their self-complaisant vision a barker, a member of a depressed class—an untouchable. His hands held a plate containing bread of coarse barley. With deep devotion the *pariah* placed the plate before the *Rishi*, and amidst ejaculations of open contempt, of outright disgust, stood waiting for a response from the diety he had adored. From the corners of the eyes of the beneficent *Brahman* that a moment ago was busy discoursing there shot out glances of infinite beautitude. As his fingers advanced to cut morsel after morsel from leaves that the love of a votary had offered, his eyes shed messages of peace and affection all round.

III

The whole assemblage was in transportations. The speaker was delivering a divine discourse, A fallen one a butcher whose filthy occupation it was to cut throats, was enjoying the felicitous homily, seated of course, at a distance from the assembly. A banker happened to look that way. His gloated figure got incensed in an instant. His eyes were instantly burning like live charcoal. They threatened too, to burn the life of the butcher away. The man of wealth foamed and fulminated. What alternative was there before the poor *pariah* but to rise and make up mind, though loth, to leave. It was from the eyes of the Speaker that glances of love ran out and fastened, as with ropes, the feet of the butcher, where they were. "My discourses are meant for butchers and their like." Thus did the tongue repeat in clarion notes what the eye had sung out in golden glances.

On his death-bed was the Sage, visited by a votary, who in faith heartfelt—devotion spontaneous, yielded to none of the most steadfast. In some sub-conscious plane of his intellect, however, he felt some doubts lurking. To the very source of inspiration he repaired, to taste that nectar in its intrinsic purity. The tenets of the *Rishi* would carry conviction, if taught by the *Rishi* personally. For a discussion, for even a respectful request for a solution of some of the problems of hitherto dubious solubility, there was no time. The *Rishi* lay breathing his last breaths. He looked lo! for the last time and the glance fell at Gurudatta. It was a sermon of sermons, that last glance of the *Rishi* of queries a final answer, of arguments a convincing refutation, of doubts a last solution, aye! Reason Incontrovertible, Faith above scepticism, Love transcedental, Peace unfathomed, Harmony absolute—all these and much more was embodied in that single glance of the dying *Brahmachari*. His life-long celebacy was focussed in his last look as is a whole day's lustre in the departing rays of the sinking sun.

The last flicker of a lamp has a beauty, a charm that whole hours of steady light may well envy. It is not for nothing that a *Brahmachari* who has forty—eighty years of absolute continence behind him is termed *Aditya* in Arya Shastras. The same term applied to the sun in its undimmed brilliance in a clear sky. Both shine eye-like, one on earth the other in heaven. Both belie the assertion of the Hindi poet—"the tongue has no eye, the eyes have no tongue." The messages of the Aditya are conveyed through the harmony of his glances without the mediation of a vocal vehicle.

THE FEARLESS SAGE

Nelson, when a boy, had once roamed away from his house, and after long search was found by his mother sitting on the bank of a lonely stream. The mother asked, "Did not fear haunt you, my boy, while you were thus alone?" "Fear?" said the child, "What is fear? I never saw it." With some such instinct Dayananda appears to have been born. No anecdote has come to us of the days of his childhood. We meet him first when he is a grown-up boy. He wakes alone in the *Shivaratri* night. His undaunted courage first manifests itself when he leaves the home of his parents and has to strike out a new path, and that into a world that he has never known. Even when found out, he persists in remaining homeless. Nor does he, in that condition, seek shelter with a moneyed *Mahant,* as the generality of such exiles in such a plight do. He roams about in the open under the hospitable roof of *dyauspita* 'Father Heaven'. There he finds abundant shelter, abundant rest, abundant abode. And who in these surroundings from his company? The beasts of the forest, the birds of the air. It was perhaps in association with them that the spirit of absolute freedom that was innate in him—how else could he have sought such queer association?—became firmly rooted in his nature, so that when he left his silvan solitude, and began to live and preach in cities, the only regard he displayed was for what was true and righteous, not for what this person or that would say. In his deportment towards persons he was guided by right principles, not by arbitrary conventions of conduct. A code of rules had been laid down by the ancient *Rishis,* it embodied even the minutest conventions of courtesy. The provisions of that code were not a whit incompatible with undaunted assertion, of what is Truth without compromising or alloying it. Dayananda belonged to the highest order of preachers, *sanyasis,* whose privileges were as high as their duties were hard. Liberty of social conduct should become dangerous licence, if no distinction were made as to what sort of persons should be allowed to use. It was the *sanyasi* before whom even rulers were required to bow. For they, it was presumed, would not make their position a position of licensed impudence. In his general behaviour towards people who came in contact with him, Dayananda was all humility, all love. He never hesitated in owning his mistakes, no matter whether a boy pointed out these or an aged veteran. It was this self-effacement that made him the beloved of men even of antagonistic creeds. But when the hour comes of vindication of Truth as against Falsehood, of Right as against wrong, neither the position, however high, of his addressee, nor too, his own defenseless state, if he were so stationed, could restrain him from saying the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but Truth.

It was on the platform of a railway station that a domineering Englishman travelling with his family in a first class compartment, saw him sauntering with only a loin-cloth on. He objected to this as he thought 'it was unseemly conduct!' Beckoning the station-master towards himself, he asked that *baboo* to please remove that semi-naked nuisance. The *Baboo* was in a fix. For the *Swami* he had genuine feelings of reverent affection. Of *Sahibs* he felt an inexplicable awe. Ordering a chair in a place removed from the *Sahib's* gaze he requested the Swami to please take his seat there. The whole drama behind this courteous request flashed, before the imagination of the *Rishi,* who smilingly said that he surely was less sparsely clad than the primitive ancestors of mankind, the Adam and the Eve of the Bible, whom even the *Sahib's* family would not be loth to meet. The Englishman overheard the remark and being told that the ascetic who spoke so was 'the great Dayananda of whom he had heard so much', came in his humility to meet him and ask his blessing.

At Bardwan, the collector of the district sought the honour of an interview with the *Swami*. Being told that the latter was busy, and would be glad to be seen at some other time that might be convenient to the official visitor, he said he was at a leisure the whole day. The *Swami* forthwith came out of his hut and said he had nothing to do with officials, who, with the burden of a whole district hanging on their heads, could yet find whole days of leisure. The collector, he added, was a loafer, with whom an interview would be mere waste of time.

At Bareilly the *Swami* was delivering a discourse at which the collector, an Englishman, was present. In the course of his lecture the *Rishi* somewhere expressed wonder at the intelligence of the Hindus who made Draupadi the wife of five husbands, and yet counted her among eternal maidens. The satire was keen. It pinched the heart of the Hindu part of the audience. The English section, on the other hand, was instantly convulsed with joy. To them it was a hearty joke. The turn of the Christian, however, was not far to come. Another cause of the speaker's surprise, to which he next made a pointed reference, was the Christian belief in the maidenhood of Mary, who had given birth to a son. The loud laughter of the official gallery was at once hushed. the lecturer proceeded and all ended well that day. For the next day the *Khazanchi* (Treasurer in a government-office) at whose house the *Swami* was staying was made the conveyor of a broad hint, that such bold censure of the *Sahib's* faith should not be repeated. The subject of the second discourse was immortality of the Soul. While emphasising this quality of Atma, the speaker found occasion for remonstrance against the collector's insinuation of yesterday. He unhesitatingly gave that official to understand that his Atma, his real *he*, being immune from injury, it was useless under any threat to place a restraint on his liberty as preacher. He would say what he deemed was true, even if immediate Hell were the punishment for that audacity.

Once the target of the Sage's denunciations were the superstitious whims of Jains. It was feared that the latter, in violence of their professed principles of absolute non-violence, were plotting against the Sage's life. The latter, when the news was brought to him, observed characteristically that to him the refutation of untruth, which was but a preparation for the establishment of Truth, was as the breath of his nostrils. Even if somebody were to fasten him to the mouth of a gun, and before firing asked him to speak, he would recite a verse of the Veda, and denounce whatever doctrines and formulaes ran counter to it.

Towards the end of his life Dayananda made the State of Rajputana his immediate sphere of work. Some of the potentates of those dominions recognised him as their *Guru* and profited much from his personal preceptorship. A gradual change was preceptible in their conduct, both public and private. Even the tone of their administration had begun to improve and their subjects blessed the advent of the *Rishi* for the betterment they experienced in the ways of the official world.

Dayananda's last trip was made to Jodhpur, many were the dissuaders who tried to hold the *Swami* back from the execution of this his final philanthropic tour. The people of that territory, they said, were uncouth. In the matter of their faith, they were fanatics. The administration, instead of being a check on their unruly temperament afforded them, by reason of its laxity, an additional opportunity for the exercise of their inbred unruliness. The Swami, however, was determined to go. Their need, said he, was great. The more stubborn the perversity of a people, the stronger should be the remedies employed to uproot it. Even if every finger of his hands were made into a taper and burnt, so that a misguided soul received from it light and found his way, he would, instead of feeling grieved, bless his stars for the mission of his life could only thus be fulfilled.

With such forebodings about the end of his journey, Dayananda started on what was to prove, as we have said, his last expedition on his usual errand of propagation of Truth. The Raja became his disciple and, besides private lessons which he used to receive at the *Rishi's* bungalow, he used to attend also his public lectures, at which he seated himself in the midst of his subjects as just one of them. There came occasions when the conduct of ideal kings was the topic of the *Swami's* remarks and as an illustration examples from the lives of ancient Rajas were cited, while as a contrast the present ruler's misdeeds were held out to his own subjects as an object of pitiful denunciation.

One day the Raja invited the *Swami* to his private quarters. The latter went to visit him at an unexpected hour. Surrounded by his nobles the Maharaja was busy in frolics with a mistress, Nanhi Jan. No sooner did the intimation reach him that the Sage was at hand than he ordered the removal of Nanhi Jan's palanquin. Finding the band of carriers short by one man, he himself held a side of the palanquin up, Lo! the *Swami* was there. The greatest haste had not carried the littler away a moment before his arrival. The Raja stood dumbfounded like a culprit. His courtiers were confused. The eyes of the *Rishi* flashed fire. 'A base bitch frolicking in the lap of a lion? What a piteous spectacle? What, pray, would be the progeny from such a union?' With this short *upadesh* or, more properly rebuke, the *Swami* retraced his steps to his bungalow. The words struck the hearers with the force of an electric shock. Their influence on the Raja was wholesome, but his house became forthwith a hotbed of conspiracies which cost the utterer of the bold rebuke his life, and the Raja his Rajput fame as a host. Thus were the sinister prognostications which heralded the *Swami's* entry into the state of Jodhpur fulfilled. But the character of the *Rishi* as a Sage, devoid of fear, who in his campaign for the promulgation of Truth challenged, and even evoked danger, was established.

पुस्तकालय
गुरुकुल कांगड़ी विश्वविद्यालय

THE MYSTIC

That Rishi Dayananda was a great moralist is admitted by all; that he was an equally great mystic is known only to a few.

During his later life, when he had assumed the role of a teacher and had to do with common men and women, he very strongly emphasised human exertion. God, according to him, was just in his dispensation of rewards and punishments. Divine mercy was shown in the bestowal of common boons on all creatures, both human and sub-human. The sun, the earth, the stars, air and water and all other blessings that are shared by all living beings are a fruit of Divine Benevolence. For the particular good derived from them by each individual, his actions, past or present, are responsible. These common gifts are a creation of God's mercy—His favours, which being open to all, show no partiality.

Rishi Dayananda laid great stress on Divine Equity, as that was the great need of humanity at the time. Human effort stood at a great discount. Sweet lullabies of the mercy of God had for centuries been sung into the ears of devotees. Saint after saint had taught complete dependence on the favour of Heaven, which being absolutely free, was believed to know no law. Such teaching, while it discouraged action, gave latitude to the evil propensities of evil doors. An autocratic God was to be guided in His dispensation of favours and penalties by His uncontrolled will. He might punish virtues and reward evils. What motive could such religious instruction have for doing good? While belief in Justice makes for manliness, the concept of uncontrolled will, brooded over from day-to-day, begets servility with all the vices that attend this cringing attitude of mind.

For the common man, belief in Justice is thus a necessary article of faith. For him God is an unrelenting Judge. More charming, however, than this conception is the conception of a Heavenly Father—*pitrinam pitrtamah. Most fatherly of fathers ambitame: of mothers most motherly.* How entrapturing are these epithets applied in the

Veda to varied concepts of the Diety. In practice a father may—in fact he does—hold the scales of his kindness even among his sons. Their waywardness he punishes. Of their vices he tries to purge them. To the dutiful and loving son, however, he is an embodiment of justice as of love. The love of a father knows no bounds. Of a father, whose one great distinctive feature in His infinitude, the love and kindness are bound to be infinite. These can be properly experienced, however, by those of His children who have experienced His infinitude. Such sons of Man, or what is the same thing, of God, are termed by the Veda *amritasya putrah,* sons of the Immortal. They have left evil behind. They are embodiments of active energy. Their life is a lesson in ceaseless activity. The pleasure of the Father in Heaven is to them the only prize, prize inestimable in terms of human good. Love of God is spontaneous. It is independent of its human recipient's merit. Even sorrows meted out by His Hand are mercies in disguise. They are meant to chasten our spirit. Such is the feeling of the child-like devotee. While the calculating man of the world will invest in virtue in the hope of reward, the confident Heir of Heaven whom the Veda calls *Divah Sunuh* will offer good as a sacrifice to the Beloved Father, whose fostering care it is impossible to recompense by any amount of filial virtue on the part of man.

One such *Divah Sunuh,* Heir of Heaven, was Rishi Dayananda. That he had an immediate experience of Love Infinite is referred to in an autobiographical note of his. He writes:—

"Then after a month I, in accordance with their instructions, went to the Temple of Dudheswara Mahadeva, near Ahmedabad, where they had promised to initiate me into the subtle mysteries of Yoga and the methods of realising them. There they fulfilled their promise and sent me into ecstasies. By the kindness of these Mahatmas I gained a complete mastery of Yoga and its practice. I am highly grateful to them. They did me a great favour."

That besides the method of inference through logic there is a direct way of realisation of the soul is stated by him in a letter to Col. Olcott:— "Many Aryas did realise, *do realise,* and will realise the nature of the soul by a knowledge of the Veda and the *Sastras* and meditation in Samadhi (*Letters and Advertisements of Rishi Dayananda,* Part I, Prayer 57).

That there are living examples of such realisation among Aryas of today is also pointed out in the above extracts. The Rishi's reference is unmistakably among others to his own self. Practice in the line of these experiences bestows on men certain spiritual powers which, to materialistic observers appear miracles. In a letter written from Meerut, Rishi Dayananda explains "what people call witch-craft" is "an achievement of (mental) science". (*Letters and advertisements,* Part I, Prayer 20). To Madam Blavatsky he writes that he possesses spiritual powers and would teach the way of their achievement to those who wish to learn and practice them. To a public demonstration of them, however, he was strongly opposed. (*Letters and Advertisements*). Psychic science recognises today the power of man to see beyond the range of physical vision, and to divine future events, as if they were taking place just before the eyes of the observer.

In Rishi Dayananda's life we find record of such happenings. At Monghyr, one Rajnath Sharma became a disciple of the Rishi. In the evening, as he was repairing to the *Swami's* residence he came across a snake. The first question of the *Rishi*, as the lad came before him, was as regards that incident. Another day, a servant brought fuel which he had received *gratis* from a dealer. Rajnath was ordered to reprimand him as he had *begged* for firewood. The *Rishi* had through some sort of clairvoyance divined his misconduct. The coming of Rajnath's father, in search of his son, was similarly intuitively perceived half an hour before the truant lad's parent actually came before the *Rishi*. At Lahore, the Sage advised a newly betrothed youngman to postpone his marriage till after he became thirty years old. It was about that age that his death took place and the Seer's advice was, as it were, by miracle, found to be opportune. (Pt. Lekh Ram's Biography of Rishi Dayananda).

At Udaipur the *Rishi* seated in *padmasana* posture rose above the ground and made a circuit of the room in that unsupported condition. (*Dayanand Prakash* by Swami Satyanand). While on his death-bed he appeared to Gurudatta M.A., in a vision in the course of which the latter saw two distinct images. One was the *Rishi* breathing his last; the other presented the Sage as a world-teacher delivering sermons to hankering humanity. (*Gurudatta Lekhavali*). Modern Psychology refers such incidents to the Subconscious mind of the observer. In that case, too, these events are highly significant as illustrating the mental power of him who exerted such miraculous influence on his followers.

The existence of entities superior to Matter and possessing powers greater than mechanical and chemical forces is amply evidenced by these *siddhis* which to the *Yogi* are at a certain stage a proof direct of the developing capacities of his Soul. As soon, however, as he has attained to an intuitive vision of the Spirit Divine, these mental gifts are to him of no greater value than the material processions and gains that he has already discarded. He now literally revels in his love of God. A few outpourings of Rishi Dayananda recorded in his *Aryabhivinaya—Book of Aryan Prayer* may form an index to the condition of his mind overwhelmed by the ecstasy of such absorbing love. He appears to have had a constant vision of Divine Presence, which he is anxious never to lose (Part I, Prayer 49). Through every pore of his being there pealed messages of Divine Immanence. Songs of Heaven reverberated around him, and these he implored the Celestial Singer to strike up in the chords of his heart (Part I, Prayer 52). The incessant sermon which the Divine Preceptor is every moment delivering in the heart of man is to the saint His vocal mouth facing all directions (Part I, Prayer 39). In the battles that humanity is waging against evil he invokes God to fight as a soldier on the side of the righteous (Part I, Prayers 24, 26). In Prayer 28, Part I, God appears to him to be perceptibly moved and in His kindness showering favours on His servants. Prayer 36 is an invocation for a complete ecstasy of spiritual emotion. In Prayer 37, the Lord is asked to make the human heart His abode and rejoice therein as does a householder in his own house.

The realisation of the devotee being personal, gives God the character of a similar person. The former imagines that the joy which he feels is not a simple one-sided gift on the part of the latter. The gift, on the contrary appears to him mutual, so that the feast is partaken of by two whereby the pleasure is redoubled. In Prayer I, Part II, we meet with some such feeling on the part of Dayananda who with God is a fellow-partaker of a delicious tryst.

In several of his Prayers he begs for the gift of a World Empire for the Aryas—but in this, he would make them but the servants of God's will which alone he would like them to execute through this sovereignty, so that the Aryan kingdom would in other words be the kingdom of God (Part II, Prayer I). The wish to be God's instrument finds expressions again and again in these outbursts of passionate self-surrender. The determination of his destiny, he is most happy to leave to divine disposal (Part II, Prayer 13). In Prayer 15, he prays for the moral amelioration of the devotee "to God's mercy". For it is the moral rectitude of his children that reflects credit on the parent. And again, "Be happy, Lord, in the happiness of us children". What a genuine note of *bhakti* is struck in the following lines.

"In Thy generosity, Lord, shower on us all blessings. The capacity to win Thy pleasure we totally lack. We ourselves cannot at all act in conformity with Thy wishes. But Thou, Lord! raisest the fallen and the lowly. Make us, then, in Thy kindness happy" (Part II, Prayer 38).

Dayananda had the true mettle of a saint in him. He was a man of supreme resignation. He had direct experience of the Spiritual Presence that nestled him in the lap of a loving mother. The divinity that is immanent in things was intuitively realised by him. This constituted his never-failing feast of supreme felicity. The oft-recurring privations and hardships that beset his earthly career drown their nurmur in that overflowing flood. The high moral ideals to which he stuck at his life's peril were just a part and parcel of the supernatural framework, of that sublime spiritual order, in which the Universe is set and which he, with the eyes of his spirit, every moment saw. He had sensed Reality. According to Yaska's definition, a Rishi—Seer—is one who sees *dharma*. A Rishi—Seer—in the truest sense of the term was Swami Dayananda, the founder of the Arya Samaj.

A great peculiarity of Rishi Dayananda's mysticism is that he does not discard reason. His arguments from a happy synthesis with his mystic vision, so that those who are without this latter gift may gather solace from a belief grounded on reason alone, while those who *have* this grace may not be over-immersion in that fount of bliss be thrown off their balance as all-sided worshippers.

Mahatma Munshi Ram (later Swami Shraddhanand) when he was yet a boy reading at college, saw the Rishi and entered thrice into a discussion with him as regards the existence of God. Silenced in argument, he yet said he was not convinced. The Rishi repeated to him a verse of the Upanishad and said, "Conviction, my lad, will be brought to thee by God's grace. Wait for the hour when thou *shalt* be convinced." Aye: the hour came and he, who later had the supreme luck to lay down his life at the alter of Rishi Dayananda did, by a consecration of everything he possessed signify his gratitude to the seed sown by the hopeful glance, of his Guru, which had after a mysterious process of inner incubation, blossomed all of a sudden into a spring tide of grace. The vision of the *Rishi* was contagious, as all mystic vision is. The Arya Samaj owes a galaxy of redeemed and devoted *bhaktas* to simple contact of the *Rishi*.

THE LORD'S GOOD LEELA

It was at the dead of night that the *Rishi* awoke with pain in his belly. In a short time he had several motions and yet the pain, instead of abating, increased. He called out his cook, by name Jagannatha and asked if there had been any tampering with his food. The latter first denied having knowledge of any such thing, but the query repeated once, twice, thrice, evinced a confession that he had poisoned the last evening's meal. Was it the mien of the *Rishi,* his glance, his manner, or tact that brought out the avowal? The culprit, his guilt confessed, stood trembling. As he related the incident much later to an Arya friend of his, who sent the intelligence to the press, Jagannath's greater concern was not for punishment he would receive at the hands of the earthly powers—for that punishment, he was certain, would, be capital—but for the heinous wrong he had committed. He fell forthwith at the feet of the *Rishi,* and begged to be forgiven. He little knew that the *Rishi's* pardon would consist only in his own overlooking the 'fault' but would save him also from the vengeance of the earthly powers. How the *Rishi* first suggested to him, and then provided him with the necessary means with which to accomplish an instant flight out of the British territory has been narrated in another chapter. The *Rishi* suffered while Jagannatha, with the former's connivance, escaped. The Raja soon learnt of the Sage's illness and lost no time in putting the medical aid, available in the royal medical establishment, at the disposal of the *Swami.* The doctor, however, so it is reported, became an accomplice in the fell conspiracy which Nanhi Jan was leading against the sage's life. The whole body of the *Rishi* was covered with blisters, and to the pain he felt crushing his whole body, was added the extra trouble of diarrhea, which besides continually reducing strength, subjected him to a constantly recurring toil of standing and moving, which he in his then state of health could ill endure. The medicine administered had no relieving effect. The disease aggravated as the days passed till every motion of the bowels began to be accompanied by a fit of senselessness.

On the seventeenth day of his dire malady, the *Rishi* determined to leave Jodhpur. The climate of Mt. Abu, he was told, was bracing. Perchance it might do him good. To the Raja this resolve of the exalted guest came as a severe shock. To his Rajput honour, bound up with the hospitable duty of looking after the welfare of his honoured visitor who in the present case was none else but his chosen preceptor, the departure of the *Rishi* in such precarious state of health would be a sure deathblow. He tried to dissuade the Sage but to no effect. He accompanied the litter of the *Swami* to some distance, and then with folded hands and eyes shedding bitter tears asked leave. From Mt. Abu the Sage was advised to shift to Ajmer. Various sorts of treatment had been tried, but none had done him any good. To the physicians it was a mystery how in the midst of such excruciating pain he not only lived, but kept up also his serence composure—he not even once uttered a sigh.

One day all the attendants—all his own sincere devotees—were glad, as they noticed in the appearance of the *Swami* a change. He asked for a meal of his own choice. He got himself shaved inspite of the blisters which opened as the razor passed over them and blood began to ooze from all parts of his body. With a wet towel these tricklings were wiped off. He took a spoonful or two of the soup of grams, and then sat up in the posture of prayer. Thus seated he began to chant hymns of the Veda, prayed again in his own Sanskrit, then the *Arya-Bhasha*, and then inquired what was the day, the *tithi* (date of the lunar fortnight), the month, etc. The Sun was sinking, in the west. Twilight hues surrounded it. It was a glow as of the consciousness of a performed duty of a great mission accomplished. The whole universe was preparing to withdraw from the hot bustle of day-time activity. Finding the moment opportune, the *Rishi* closed his eyes in consonance with the rest of Nature. The glow round his face was a counterpart of the glow of the setting Sun. This day instead of one, two *adityas* would sink simultaneously, one the Sun of *Aditi* eternal Nature, the other a sun of *Aditi* inviolate *Brahmacharya*. With what solace, heart-felt felicity, deep and exuberant felicity of the soul, the *Rishi* said, "It was a good *leela*, the *leela* played by thee—Divine Master! Thy will be done!" The words escaped and with them escaped his last breath which he with his *Yogic* mastery over *Prana* sent out with a most complaisant case.

The death of the Master was a scene. It shook Gurudutta. To him it was a homily of homilies. Deputed by the Lahore Arya Samaj with an older companion to attend the Sage in his illness, he had come fully prepared to bother the *Rishi* with questions, to hold disputes on more than one knotty metaphysical problems, in unravelling which his brilliant intellect which had already secured him a record career in the University would have an occasion for full play. The scene silenced all his doubts. He has never before such an unquestioning pupil, such a dumb disciple. The mission, henceforth, of his life became to promulgate the teachings of Dayananda—to read them, to understand them, to live them, to teach them, and to spread them broadcast. Nay, his aim was now to imitate Dayananda, to imbibe his apostolic spirit into himself.

The death of the *Rishi* was henceforward to tone his life. Should it not similarly tone the lives of those that have gone through all these pages? If a glimpse of the death of a modern Christ, with Christ's own words on his lips, uttered no doubt with a ready, a quite willing renunciation, could metamorphose the very nature of genius physicist, a series of glimpses of the Sage's life may be expected to do even more. Much, however, depends on the receptivity of the reader. Cold pages, too, with impressions on them of frozen ink will lack the vivacity of a real living life-picture.

The Master's Will Be Done!

Masterly words uttered with right masterly renunciation and faith.

AND AFTER

Is Dayananda now dead? What does the coming centenary mean? Is Dayananda to us a memory, which we have cherished and shall now celebrate? Is he a thing of the past? *Rishis* are immortal. They attain to salvation. Their death is the outer consecration of the bliss they have achieved within. It accomplishes in form what their life has already accomplished in spirit. Some soul that has attained to the same height may find out what fate attended the soul of Dayananda, after he had closed his eyes upon the phenomenal universe of mortal man. To us he appears to have made himself worthy of the highest beatitude—Mukti. As he passed away from this sphere, he evinced a spirit of absolute non-attachment which according to the testimony of the *Shastras* characterises the transition of only such souls as are in that transition entering or more properly registering their already achieved *nirvan*. The Sage died in the happiest of moods. Not even for the Arya Samaj, to establish and organise which he had devoted the best part of his life, did he express the least anxiety. The commentary of the Vedas, which he had left unfinished, could not draw from him the least thought when the opportunity for completing it was with his physical career, being snatched away from him. With wonder did those that stood by observe that the *Rishi,* who had been so scrupulously particular about even the smallest details of the most ordinary undertakings of his life, finished his eventful career without so much as dictating at the time a final will. He was literally above all cares of either Life or Death. He was entering an Immortal Abode. The Bliss Eternal of the Infinite Brahma had already dawned upon his spirit and as he closed his eyes, he had undisturbed visions of that Eternal Light. What else did the deathless glow on his dying face signify? The *Rishi* was dying into life, Eternal Life.

GREATER DAYANANDA

This form the point of view of the *Rishi's* own soul. The immortality of a *karmayogi,* which kind of *yogi* the Swami pre-eminently was, has besides this individual phase a universal aspect also. A *karmayogi's* life is intrinsically life of the Human society. Without robbing himself of his inward bliss he extends the sphere of that bliss so as to share it with all his fellow beings. In collective activities he looks for the realization of his broader *siddhis* of *Yoga.* This phase of our hero's life, may, if the reader permit, be characterised as Greater Dayananda.

What, one may ask, has been the fate of that Greater Dayananda? Does that Greater Dayananda live? Has the spirit he represented become immortal? Is it working or did the spirit of the Sage die with his physical death?

The *Rishis* stood for a time-old spirit of religion, a spirit which preceded the modern logomachies about forms and makeshifts. His was a catholic view of Humanity. And though that view has not in its literal form been accepted by the followers of other faiths, his method of interpreting the ancient scriptures has been adopted by all churches. A universal attempt is observable among all faiths to find in their Literature the broad principles of spiritual and moral life laid down by Dayananda. The Christian is busy assigning a metaphorical explanation to the maidenhood of Mary. The Muslim regards his *Bahisht* as nothing sensuous; to the sensuous pleasures he used to locate there he has long since bade goodbye. Polygamy appears to the latter to have been a temporary provision for a temporary state of society.

The orthodox Hindu has moved miles forward from his old, stationary stagnance. He has raised the age of marriageability of his progeny. He recognises in practices the foundation of castes, or better classes, *varnas* on *Karma.* The recent ferment in the Shuddhi agitation has demolished the age-long walls of narrow-minded conservatism, which had confined his religious and social outlook within the borders of his own community. By consenting to admit the Mohammedan and the Christian into the Hindu Church, only if the latter will subscribe to his faith, the Hindu has proclaimed the universality of the Culture he stands for. A bond has thus been cemented between the dominant creeds of the world, and the long-standing complaint which Humanity had against the Hindu, *viz.*, of his cribbed, cabined conservatism, has as with one stroke, been removed.

It was the *Mantra* of Dayananda that first sought to exercise the obnoxious spell of untouchability. Even today it is his followers that lead the van in this sphere. In Dayananda's Church the orphan and the widow have found their long-needed shelter. To the famine-stricken the aid of the Arya Samajist has proved a timely boon from On High. Education on ancient lines is being imparted in the Gurukulas, to both boys and girls, while with its numerous schools, *Vidyalays,* and *pathshalas* the Arya Samaj has disseminated the seeds of learning broadcast among the masses. To the spread of Hindi, the common national language of India, the activity of the Arya Samaj has given a philip.

The Samaj founded by Dayananda has, in the short span of its existence leavened the spirit of the whole society in the midst of which it has worked. Its activities embrace a vast field, a field as vast in fact as Humanity itself. Of the political ferment that characterises modern India, the Arya Samaj has, as was shown in a foregoing chapter, been the harbinger. Even today the brunt of the political battle is borne by the followers of Dayananda, in those provinces especially where they form a considerable section of the populace.

To the emigrant Indian whom indenture has carried overseas, the Arya Samaj affords what to him is his sole spiritual shelter. Under its wings he has rest, though miseries beset him outside. To the woe begotten coolie membership of the Arya Samaj is synonymous with self-reliant activity, struggle, strife, inward liberation. The body suffers but the soul has an ineffable balm.

The Arya Samaj claims to be a cosmopolitan Church. It is its ambition to heal the wounds of the whole suffering Humanity. All feuds that take place in the name of religion, politics, economical necessity, race, colour, etc., have to be ended, ended once for all. The panacea, which the Arya Samaj proposes for all these ills is its *Varnashrama* system which, while it assigns to the individual his befitting place in society, divides the community into mutually consonant, inter-dependent and thus co-operative sections which will work towards the welfare of the corporate whole. The intellectual dwarf who will labour, and the moneyed *Bania* and husbandman who between them will conserve the communal wealth, and the physically and mentally powerful *Rajanya* who will control, organise and defend—will all three find in the wise poor. *Brahmin,* before whose self-imposed poverty millionaire and the crowned sovereign will out of spontaneous respect bow, who will, in a word, live like the labourer and think like the king—in him will they all find a common denominator that will knit the three into an integral whole. The *Sanyasi* who evolves at the head of the *ashram* stages, will be the same *Brahmin* internationalised. As such he will know no home, no country, no mother or fatherland. The whole Earth will be his family, his voice in the councils of the nations will, thus of necessity be supreme.

Such in brief is the dream, to the fulfilment of which the Arya Samaj is from the day of its establishment; committed. Greater Dayananda must fulfil what the individual *Rishi* began. His vision of a World Unity has yet to be realised. The Culture of the ancient *Rishis* of *Aryavarta*, which Dayananda as the last of the line received as a heritage, is an international legacy. It belonged to the human world in the beginning and should as a sacred trust be consigned to its natural, rightful heirs. The world today is divided among its Churches. It needs a Church that will combine instead of dividing. The great requisite of today is Religion, not a religion. Will Greater Dayananda fulfil the need?

Will He? rings back the Echo.

THE IDEOLOGY OF DAYANANDA

TRUTH—To speak of, write about, and believe in a thing as it is, constitutes Truth.

The human soul possesses the capacity for ascertaining truth.

Differences among the learned create bad blood among the ignorant masses.

TRUE TEACHERS—Finding solace in the belief that in the end Truth must prevail and not Error and that it is the path of rectitude alone that men of learning and piety have always trodden, true teachers never become indifferent to the promotion of public good and never give up the promulgation of Truth.

Every thing calculated to the advancement of Knowledge and Righteousness is like poison to begin with, but like Nectar in the end.

HUMANITY—Though we were born in Aryavarta (India) and still live in it, yet just as we do not defend the evil doctrines and practices of the religions prevailing in our own country—rather expose them fully—in like manner we deal with alien religions. We treat the foreigners in the same as we treat our own countrymen in recognition of our common Humanity.

MAN—He alone can fitly be called a man who being strong, protects the weak. He that injures others in order to gain his selfish ends, can only be called a veritable animal.

FOREMOST DUTY—We consider it the first and the foremost duty of every man to publish and propagate Truth without fear or favour.

— SWAMI DAYANANDA

PRINCIPLES OF ARYA SAMAJ

(1) The first (efficient) cause of all true knowledge and all that is known through knowledge is Parameshvara (the Highest Lord, i.e. Om)

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(2) Ishvara (Om) is existent, intelligent and blissful. He is formless, omniscient, merciful, unborn, endless, unchangeable, beginningless, the support of all, the master of all, omnipresent, immanent, unaging, immortal, fearless, eternal and holy and the maker of all. He alone is worthy of being worshipped.

(3) The Vedas are the scriptures of true knowledge. It is the first duty of the Aryas to read them, teach them, recite them and hear them being read.

(4) One should always be ready to accept truth and give up untruth.

(5) One should do everything according to the dictates of dharma, i.e., after due reflection over right and wrong.

(6) Doing good to the whole world is the primary object of this Society i.e., to look to its physical, spiritual and social welfare.

(7) Let thy dealings will all be regulated by love and justice, in accordance with the dictates of dharma.

(8) One should promote Vidya (realisation of subject and object) and dispel Avidya (illusion).

(9) One should not be content with one's own welfare alone, but should look for one's own welfare in the welfare of all.

(10) One should regard one's self under restriction to follow altruistic rulings of society, while in following rules of individual welfare one should be free.

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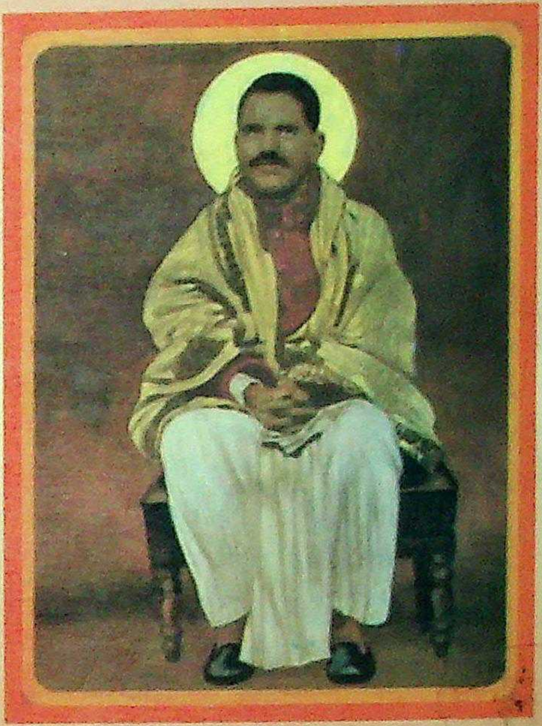

Late Pandit Chamupati Ji, M.A.

Born: 15th Feb. 1896 Died: 15th June, 1937

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